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COLD MAY DAY

SNOWSTORMS in Scotland and heavy rain in many parts of England could not damp the ardour of last Sunday's May-day processions. In countless towns the Labour stalwarts tramped behind their bands and banners; and for a few hours the revivalist spirit of the pioneering days triumphed over the drab austerity of *Work or Want*. It was a reassuring demonstration that the hard core of the Labour Movement is still solid in its support not only of the Government but of the Socialist ideal as it was preached long ago on the street corner.

But such manifestations should not deceive Mr. Morrison. The Members who returned to Westminster after the week-end brought with them surprisingly contradictory reports of the feeling in their constituencies. From Scotland and from what were once the depressed areas of Tees and Tyneside and of South Wales, the reports were generally encouraging. Here the working classes need no persuasion that they are better off at the end of the second year of Labour Government than they were in the twenty wasted years between the wars. Labour's stock is still high because it has delivered some, if not all, of the goods.

Many agricultural constituencies, snatched unexpectedly from the Tories or the Liberals, can also report positive advances. Here queueing is not a daily tribulation and the food shortage can be eked out from the back yard and the garden. Here the rise in agricultural wages has really raised the standard of living and Tom Williams' new Bill promises a secure future. If an election were held to-morrow most of these newly won Labour seats would be held and probably some fresh victories recorded.

The picture in the larger Midland cities and London is very different. These were the areas where between the wars light engineering industries and luxury trades were established which attracted the unemployed from the distressed areas. Relatively good wages, decent housing and modern factories were the bait; and during the war, when the factories were turned over to armament production, these conditions were largely maintained. Partly as a result of this, the worker in these areas and these industries has often nearly as much in common with the clerk and the blackcoated worker as with his comrades in the basic industries.

It is these workers—and especially their womenfolk—who are feeling the pinch to-day. Their conditions have not improved. Along with the middle classes they are beginning to pay the price for the Government's policy of giving preferential treatment in food allocations and other services to the development areas. They tend, therefore, to share the general middle-class disgruntlement with the Socialist administration; and, as a result, not merely is there apathy among them but Tory propaganda is making some headway.

If this tendency is permitted to continue unchecked, it will imperil Labour's chances at the next election. The Government may have to lose some of the middle class support it recently won; it cannot afford to weaken its hold on that important section of the working class which lives in the villas of dormitory suburbs, travels long distances to work in deplorable conditions, and stands for hours in queues listening to a steady stream of Tory complaints.

We do not suggest that the Government should be deflected from its determination to revive the basic industries and to attract workers back from the chemical, engineering and distributive trades into coal and steel, cotton and textiles. This remains its central task and it involves precisely that levelling up which is the cause of the present discontent. The wife of a skilled worker in Slough or Birmingham is under the weather largely because the wife of a miner in Merthyr is at last given her fair share; and as a result there is little in Slough or Birmingham to spend the money on except the dogs or a drink. In a period of shortage this is a necessary evil: it can only be cured by increased imports. What is vitally important is that the issue should be squarely faced and that Ministers should explain the reason for it. Mr. Strachey, for instance, could work wonders by a Sunday talk to housewives over the B.B.C. about vegetables and fruit; so could Stafford Cripps by substituting for his menacing slogans something which appeals to the heart instead of bashing at the head.

Even more important, the Chancellor of the Exchequer must find a way of combating the widespread impression that under a Labour Government the rich have even more to spend. The Cabinet has so far given concrete benefits to three classes, the workers in basic industries, such as coal, the people of the countryside—and, disconcertingly enough—the rentier class. In no two years between the wars was so much made so easily on the Stock Exchange. By spending some of the untaxed profits of capital appreciation, the rich are keeping up their standard of living, while that of the middle classes and of the better-paid worker has been forced down. This unpleasant fact is much more apparent to the worker in the Midlands and in the suburbs of London than to those who live in the Labour strongholds of the North and of Wales. It is an important factor in the weakening of enthusiasm for the Government in these key electoral areas. It is to be hoped that, when the Finance Bill is debated, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have something constructive to say on the subject.

The French Crisis

There is general agreement that the exclusion of the Communists from the French Government marks a turning point in the complex development of the Fourth Republic, but nobody is inclined to predict its new direction. Ever since the Communists emerged as the largest party, with a powerful following among the French workers and trade unions, it has seemed impossible for anyone to rule against them. They can justly claim most of the credit for the success of the production campaign and for the remarkable self-discipline of a working class which has suffered a good deal from the inflation. For more than a year, they have successfully persuaded the workers not to strike for quite legitimate wage demands. At the same time, they have been prisoners in successive Cabinets whose foreign policy they have profoundly disliked. Their opponents, from de Gaulle to Blum, have been well aware that if they chose they could paralyse French industry and transport. But it has also been clear that this is a final and desperate sanction to which they would be driven only by the threat of an authoritarian putsch. For a widespread strike movement at the moment would undoubtedly topple over the constitutional regime and prepare the path to power for General de Gaulle.

Ramadier has clearly decided to gamble on the dilemma of the Communists. The Right wing of the Socialists has always been unhappy about collaboration with the Communists and has been willing to form a Government without them if this could be done without splitting the Socialist Party and without running the risk of industrial breakdown. Ramadier now intends to seize his opportunity to experiment with this dangerous policy. With some difficulty, he and Blum have secured a very narrow majority in the Socialist National Council reversing the earlier Socialist decision not to participate in any Cabinet from which the Communists were excluded. Whether the party as a whole would approve this decision no one can tell. It is the support of the Socialist fraction in the Assembly that matters to Ramadier, and there is no prospect that more than a few Deputies would desert him for the Communists.

Can this new Government last? Prophecy is impossible. The Communists feel that they must now endorse the demand for wage increases, though they will undoubtedly try to prevent large-scale strikes. In any case, they considered this domestic issue a better one on which to be expelled than an involved question of foreign policy. Ramadier, who will now be subjected to increasing pressure from the Right, is relieved from the need to seek compromises on foreign policy between Bidault and the Communists. The repression will go on in Indo-China and Madagascar. In short, the polarisation of French politics will continue.

France is drifting towards a further and more explosive crisis. Before it is too late, the Socialists should carefully consider the responsibility that now rests on them. As a correspondent shows elsewhere in this journal, the Socialist intrigue in the Renault works has recoiled on their own heads. The price of their present victory over the Communists may be too high. The present Government looks unhappily like that of Brüning in the last years of the Weimar Republic.

Blackmail Strikes

Will Lawther is driven to talking about "sabotage" and "blackmail" to describe the action of the 150 winders who put 26,764 Durham miners out of production in the first critical days of the five-day week. And it was. Even the opponents of "closed shops" find it difficult to make excuses for a breakaway union which chooses such a moment to fight its private battle for recognition. It is as though the landing-craft men had decided not to unload supplies for Montgomery's troops in Normandy because they belonged to a different service and so imperilled the entire operation. Whatever may be the merits of the winders' case, it is irrelevant to the bigger issue raised by all the recent sporadic strikes. Measured by previous standards of industrial relationships, the loss of man-hours is relatively small but, in the changed circumstances, each—whatever its origin or excuse—becomes in the public mind a challenge to the Government the workers themselves have chosen. Mr. Attlee is right to insist on the fullest co-operation of the trade unions in curbing "wildcat strikes." But there is another aspect of the strikes which Mr. Attlee and Mr. Isaacs must not neglect. They must also look into the elaborate machinery of negotiation. This, as emphasised by the mishandling and lost opportunities of the Glasgow dockers' strike, is slow-moving and impersonal. There is too much need to refer to London, both in the Government system and in the giant unions themselves, and a consequent and increasing sense of isolation among the workers in the districts. The moral is that our present industrial problem is not only a matter of public but also of personnel relations.

The Strength of the Debtor

When Mr. Dalton told the Brazilian Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday night that the mass of sterling indebtedness incurred by Britain during the war must be very substantially scaled down, he clearly intended his words to reach a wider audience. Britain's debt to Brazil is relatively trivial, and could at any event be liquidated by the sale to the Brazilian Government of the British-owned utilities in that country. The real problem is that of the immense sum which we owe to India and Egypt—debts whose "unreal, unjust and unsupportable burden" greatly exceeds that imposed on the defeated aggressors and would not have been laid on British shoulders if the Lend-Lease principle in the joint war effort had been applied as between all the members of the Grand Alliance. By all accounts the preliminary negotiations recently undertaken for the settlement of these sterling debts did not go well: both India and Egypt were apparently inclined to resist any substantial scaling down and to demand much larger early releases of "free" currency than we can possibly afford. The difficulty of dealing satisfactorily with the problem is, of course, immeasurably increased by the fact that under the terms of the dollar Loan we are precluded from making bilateral trading agreements with our creditors. The Chancellor, however, did well to remind the world that a debtor whose market is still of great importance to creditor countries is in a strong position. Ultimately such portion of our indebtedness as is not written off must be liquidated by other countries purchasing British goods. Our ability to repay is limited by our ability to deliver the goods; and the creditors will gain nothing by forcing Britain to make promises whose fulfilment is beyond her strength and which, as Mr. Dalton said, outrage "good sense and fair play."

American Second Thoughts on Russia

Two lines of policy, within the bounds of the Truman Doctrine, are emerging in the United States. Congress seems to be taking the super-tough line of no compromise with Russia in the present, and an end to past compromises. In accordance with this policy the U.S. relief appropriation has been reduced to ensure that no supplies go to "Russian-dominated countries"; at the same time vigorous opposition is expressed to the Italian Treaty and the Satellite Treaties on the grounds that they represent a compromise with the U.S.S.R. This logical extension of the Truman speech is embarassing to the proponents of the bi-partisan foreign policy, who were so intent on preparing the bombshell of aid to Greece and Turkey that they did not consider what came after. Now that the smoke has cleared, and Russia still exists, an improvised policy is being thought out in the State Department, the Press and the Senate. Ex-Governor Stassen has demanded a more positive policy and an end to the negativism of the Truman doctrine. Walter Lippmann, who is never far from official inspiration, defines the American choice as being between a futile anti-Communist crusade, and "such a revival of Western Europe that the profit and advantage of collaborating with it will be manifest in Prague, Warsaw and Moscow." The same hopeful spirit was apparent in Mr. Clayton's speech to the European Economic Commission. It is possible that the discovery that Russia does not wilt under American displeasure may lead to second and better thoughts about the sort of aid to be given under the Truman programme. It is doubtful, however, whether Congress will change its course as agilely as the Administration. Already some Republicans are urging Senator Vanderberg to put an end to the bi-partisan policy and all suggestion of compromise.

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Television for the Masses

The "Poor Man's Television" will be the tele-cinema rather than the expensive home set. This has been recognised by the cinema trade almost since television was first demonstrated, and the Ostrer brothers, through Gaumont-British, early obtained the rights of Baird Cine-Television. Even eleven years ago, the arrival of the Jarrow marchers on the outskirts of London was seen simultaneously on the television screen of a West-End cinema. Big fights and the Derby were also televised to cinemas. These pioneering efforts were as imperfect in quality as the early "flicks." Since then big strides have been made. War-time experiences of radar and so on have been turned to account and, given the proper facilities, big-screen television for cinemas should provide images of high definition. At the moment, television transmissions are a B.B.C. monopoly and the privilege of the few viewers with sets. But the Government Television Committee will have to decide before long whether the monopoly is to remain, or whether the film trade, led, as usual, by Mr. Rank, who fell heir to the Gaumont-British interests in television, will be given the concessions he is seeking. It is unlikely that cinema wave-lengths will be made available in the overcrowded British ether, but land-line arrangements could be "laid on." While it would be wrong to create an alternative monopoly for Mr. Rank, the Television Committee should permit open competition with the B.B.C. Television Service.

A New Model for J.P.C.s

The decision to encourage the revival and extension of Joint Production Committees ought to have been taken long ago: indeed, so many of those set up during the war ought never to have been allowed to lapse. The fault, of course, lay mainly with the numerous employers who accepted the Committees only under duress, and made haste to get rid of them; but it is also to be laid partly at the door of the caretaker Government, which made what speed it could in ending the Ministry of Production. The present Government has apparently found it not too easy to persuade the employers collectively to back the policy of renewal and extension; but they have at length agreed to co-operate. The most interesting feature of the new policy is that the Government, while leaving the form of the J.P.C.s to be decided in each industry, now definitely, according to Mr. Isaacs, favours a tripartite body, representing technicians as well as management and workers. Many plans for this tripartite structure were put forward vainly during the war; but now at length it has secured official support. As the J.P.C.s are not negotiating bodies and do not touch questions which are recognised as negotiable between employers and Trade Unions, there is no good reason why they should be limited to representing two "sides." As Mr. Isaacs explains, the management is in them primarily as management, and not as representing capital, and their job is essentially one of improving production methods and co-ordination. It is absurd on such bodies to leave out the technicians on the ground that they do not belong to either side. Reinforced by the presence of this group, the J.P.C.s should be in a position to translate the production drive into practical workshop terms—provided that the management does its best to make them work, and does not allow old prejudice against workmen's interference with "policy" to stand in the way.

PARLIAMENT: Nationalisation and Nationalisms

Wednesday

A THIRD Reading Debate isn't a battle; it's the aftermath of a battle. The defeated count their casualties; they shoot off their last ammunition; their reserves who weren't called up shout "Yah!"; and the smug victors plant their standards, and graciously acknowledge the valour of the vanquished. So with the Transport Bill. After the undisciplined chase by the "rebel" Tories through the lobbies last week, when, as Barnes pointed out, they voted against amendments "promoted by their own friends," the Third Reading re-established the formal courtesies of Government and Opposition hostility.

The Deputy-Speaker allowed the Minister of Transport—contrary to the usual procedure which only permits the House to discuss "what's-in-the-Bill"—to bring up the question of the guillotine procedure. It wasn't hard for Labour Members like Jay and Rogers to confirm that there was ample precedent and justification for its use.

Ernest Davies, who had worked hard during all the stages of the Bill, and Douglas Jay made the best back-bench speeches of the debate. Jay, in passing, showed that Sir Arthur Salter ("Food for Europe"—"No bread rationing at home") has, like one other University Independent, the Janus-like quality of facing both lobbies simultaneously. Jay reminded Salter that he had endorsed, in a manifesto, "The Next Five Years," his approval of the socialisation of transport which he now opposed. When Salter protested that he meant socialisation and not nationalisation, Jay commented that the distinction was too subtle for him to follow.

After a parade-ground speech by Tufton Beamish, the Tory member for Lewes, who charged the Government with brazen dictatorship, and the Labour back-benchers with being "Marxian slaves, chained to woolly theories," Oliver Poole wound up for the Opposition gracefully and at the same time pungently, almost disposing some Members to concede him a few amendments. But George Strauss was as implacable as he was courteous; in his resistance to Tory barracking, the firmness of his argument, and his mastery of his subject, he still further promoted his high reputation.

The First Day of the Committee Stage of the Conscription Bill passed off quietly, though not so quietly as the Government had hoped. Its main amendment reducing the conscription period from eighteen months to twelve would, in the normal way, have come up for consideration late at night. Churchill objected. He didn't want the amendment to be smuggled away, and interred like a suicide in the dark. He wanted it to be dealt with in the brilliance of the following day, and its report to be known in the afternoon papers and the nine o'clock news.

Instead of the major debate, there was a series of national brawls. The I.L.P. rump, with Carmichael in front, moved that Scotland be left out of the Bill. This national exclusiveness angered both Tories and Socialists. Even some Pacifists jibbed at such differential legislation. In the case of Northern Ireland, the amendment of Sir Donald Ross was designed to include that province in the Bill. Delargy replied that no Irishman, whether he "lives in Portadown or Ballyjamesduff" would agree to being conscripted by an outside Power. As far as the Minister of Labour was concerned, the case against conscription in Northern Ireland was unanswerable. It was inexpedient.

After the Irish, the Welsh Non-Conformists and Nationalists. Clement Davies moved to leave Wales out of the Conscription Bill. Professor Gruffydd was of the opinion that every young man in Caernarvonshire would object and go to prison. Emrys Roberts delivered with a sanctimonious air what Mainwaring, of Rhondda, East, called a chapel association address. It was left to George Thomas, an anti-conscriptionist, to prove to the House why a good Welsh Non-Conformist Socialist could not support an amendment which would, in effect, remove a burden from the shoulders of Welshmen in order to add it to the shoulders of their English brethren.

PHINEAS MINOR

WHAT DOES STALIN MEAN?

To be "encouraged" by Stalin's statement that capitalist and Communist nations can live side by side without war is as politically illiterate as to compare Stalin with Hitler and to describe every effort at agreement as "appeasement." Both views are the result of a desire to simplify and stereotype a complex and fluid situation. It is a new situation that cannot be solved by a familiar formula. Simple trust and bellicosity are equally irrelevant.

Stalin, who is only one, even if the most important, member of the Politburo, which makes policy decisions in Russia, has always stood for "Socialism in one country" against the opposite theory of continuous revolution and war. To-day, in any case, Russia is in no position to fight. Speaking to Roosevelt and Churchill towards the end of the war, Stalin spoke of the limitless devastation of the Ukraine and Byelo-Russia and remarked that he could not again call on the people of the Soviet Union to tighten their belts for a further series of Five-Year plans in which all present benefits had to be forgone in order to make Russia strong for a future war. Perhaps he was then considering a loan from America, but the loan fell through, and in February, 1946, Stalin revealed to the unhappy people of the Soviet Union that they had once again, unaided, to begin the process of building.

From the outside world Russia hides her weakness. She was only able to move a small part of her machinery from the Ukraine, and the retreating Germans were not satisfied with destroying what was left. It is officially estimated that something like 20 million Russians were killed by the Germans; great towns, many of them built by Soviet citizens after the last war, were razed to the ground; many hundreds of villages were wiped off the map; the railways were almost totally destroyed; tractors, horses and other livestock, every-day utensils—all were taken away. Russian soldiers, who had fought the bloodiest battles in history and discovered at the end of them a European civilisation far more advanced than any they had before seen, returned to a devastated land with little except sweat and tears to greet them. It is no secret that such soldiers were not readily persuaded to accept the rigours and the discipline demanded of them. The propaganda which at once began to pour from Moscow about the hostile intentions of the capitalist Powers—for which there was plenty of evidence to cite—was largely prompted by the necessity of urging to new prodigies of work and endurance a population already exhausted by the most terrible of all invasions and occupations. British newspaper correspondents who have returned from the Moscow Conference, whose *longueurs* have left plenty of time for other than diplomatic reporting, agree that Russia will be neither psychologically nor materially ready for war for many years to come.

These facts are the setting of Russia's foreign policy. To rebuild her heavy industry, both for immediate reconstruction and for possible future war, to create a great army, to concentrate her best skill on mastering the secrets of atomic energy—these are the first steps inevitably taken by a great nation struck down by war and still, as she believes, surrounded by enemies. That they are at least potential enemies is engraved on Russian consciousness both by Leninist theory and the experience of thirty years. All the same, in her present weakness the rulers of Russia must compromise rather than run the risk of war with America. As a safeguard they seek to surround Russia with a shield of "friendly" or satellite governments in countries which, as they have learnt from bitter experience, can easily be used by her enemies as a spearhead of attack. Mr. Churchill, in a sober mood at the end of the war, endorsed this policy of buffer States friendly with the U.S.S.R. It is the *cordon sanitaire* in reverse. If Soviet Russia can safely extend the cordon to include the Dardanelles and area of Persian oil she so badly needs, she will presumably do so. Her next line of defence is to stand through her propaganda as the champion of backward peoples. She also relies for support on Communist parties all over the world.

This policy is based partly on fear, for which the policy of her allies and the attitude of the American press give ample excuse, and partly on Marxian theory which makes a future conflict with America not certain, but probable. In his interview with Governor Stassen, Stalin particularly inquired about the probability of a slump in the United States. Sooner or later the immense surplus production of America is likely to lead to a catastrophic slump, and unless the ensuing labour trouble is such as to paralyse the United States, the probable solution for American Big Business would be, not as in 1932, a New Deal, but a concentration on war production and war propaganda against a foreign enemy. Only the Soviet Union could fill this role.

Sane men in America withstand this hysteria. They recall that only a year ago politicians were shouting in unison that world destruction was inevitable unless agreement were reached with the U.S.S.R. They know that Russia cannot fight against the United States, while a preventive war against the U.S.S.R. would not be a matter of destroying Soviet centres of industry by atom bombs, but would involve an incalculable commitment. It would probably mean war all over the world, not only because the Red Army would perforce spread over Asia and Europe, but also because hundreds of millions of backward and downtrodden people in the Far and Middle East, and Asia and the American continent, regard the U.S.S.R. as their champion.

One of the sanest considerations of American-Soviet relations we have seen appears in a book entitled *The Scared Men of the Kremlin* (Hamilton, 10*s.* 6*d.*). The title is misleading, for though the author, John Fischer, dwells much on the psychology of fear which finds expression in the arbitrary rule of the N.K.V.D., his book is remarkable for its honest and human account of the Ukraine, which as an Unrra official he was for two months able to observe for himself, and also for his informed and cautious appraisal of Soviet and American policy.

The picture of the U.S.S.R. which he paints is not flattering. It makes nonsense of many accounts of the Soviet Union as a Socialist Utopia. But he has taken the trouble to understand and explain why the U.S.S.R. has fallen so far short of Communist hopes, and he particularly remarks on the devotion and honesty of the overburdened Soviet bureaucracy. He has found no trace, he says, of the corruption or gangsterism of Nazi Germany, nor, though it was the job of the Unrra Mission to watch over the administration of Unrra supplies, did he find a single case in which they were used for a wrong or dishonest purpose. In interpreting Soviet foreign policy he comes to the prudent conclusion that, though Russia cannot possibly make war for at least fifteen years, America must not concede any important strategic position, lest it should prove that Soviet policy, now defensive by fear, does in the long run prove to be aggressive. He then adds that everything depends on the use that is made of these fifteen years by the United States. He can see no point in "stockpiling atomic bombs"; no point in refusing to admit that the Baltic States, for instance, are part of Russia; no point in adding to Russian fears by challenging her within her own sphere of influence. He is opposed to the occupation of areas such as Iceland and the Pacific Islands, where America can have no purpose except to prepare bombing bases against Russia. If war should come, he says, these bases can be easily occupied by the U.S.A. But the most important part of his argument—more familiar to readers of this paper than to most of the American public—is that the future depends mainly on how the United States develops her economy. "*From a strictly military point of view*," he writes, "we cannot afford another depression. Nothing else that is likely to happen could shift the balance of military power so disastrously to our disadvantage." An economic crisis in the U.S. would be reflected in a crippling world depression. Moreover, Russia is fighting an ideological, not a shooting war. In every poverty-stricken and backward area Soviet propaganda must make headway. America can only counter this Communist advance by using her wealth wisely and demonstrating

> that our system will provide a better living and more freedom than the Communists can offer. If we fail the poverty areas will be sucked into the Russian orbit sooner or later, in spite of all the military force we can muster. They can be defended only by a democratic revolution which will sweep away the outmoded colonial regimes and meagre peasant economies and which will set up in their place a modern independent industrial civilisation.

Above all, America must avoid "one mistake which would be easy—and disastrous—to make."

> We must never let ourselves be tempted into supporting reactionary ruling cliques simply because they scream loudest against the Communists. Whenever we prop up a Franco in Spain, an Ubico in Latin America, or a corrupt gang of Kuomintang landlords in China, we are betraying our own cause. They may be able to sit on the lid for a few years, but they can never give us the friendship of their peoples. Our true allies in all of the world's poverty areas are the vigorous progressives, the apostles of democratic revolution.

Given such a policy, Russian fears may in time abate and her policy change. Gradually the need of co-operation in all the small interchanges of life, in the running of joint services and the extension of trade may be realised in a Soviet Union which would cease to regard every offer as a capitalist trick. A *modus vivendi* between the two great systems of government might then be achieved. But—here Mr. Fischer might with advantage speak more bluntly—this hope depends not only on a change in the outlook of the Soviet Union, but also on something like a revolution in the outlook and policy of American Capitalism.

THE RENAULT STRIKE

(*From a Special Correspondent in Paris*)

THE automobile works founded by Renault had been one of the greatest in France, even in Europe. Early in the war its proprietors threw in their lot with Vichy and the invaders. After the Liberation they were expropriated. With the Berliet works and one or two other individual engineering concerns Renault was placed under *régie nationale*. From the end of 1944 the works have been managed by a Board composed of representatives of the employees and of technicians and of nominees responsible to the Ministry of National Economy. The new managing director, M. Lefaucheux, has justly acquired the reputation of an effective and enthusiastic administrator. While in January, 1945, an index of productivity based on 1938 stood at only 29 per cent, it had risen to 36 per cent in the same month of the following year and to 85 per cent in October, 1946. The Renault *régie* became a great test of the efficacy of nationalisation; and the test was proving that the policy was good.

Until last week there had been no important stoppages of work at Billancourt (nor indeed in any other engineering concern in France). Represented as they were on the Board of Management, the men seemed determined to show that they could carry the responsibility. The cost-of-living, however, was going against them. Overall figures indicate that prices rose, comparatively, more than wages during 1946; in spite of the policy of forced reduction of prices introduced by M. Blum in January and continued by M. Ramadier, this tendency has continued into 1947. The burden has fallen most heavily on the lower income grades in the great towns, where the food problem is often severe. Dissatisfaction in the broad mass of unionists has grown. The *Confédération Générale du Travail* has been brought to realise that the policy of freezing wages in the expectation of falling prices is increasingly unpopular, and must probably be modified if production figures are to be maintained. But the policy might be maintained for a little longer—with prices none the less showing little or no sign of falling—provided that nothing happened to bring this general dissatisfaction to a head.

Then came the strike at Billancourt. It revealed several odd characteristics. It was not started by the Communists in the metalworkers' union, but, as might be expected in such circumstances, by a mixed group of Anarchists and Trotskyists. The Trotskyists were inconsiderable in number but large in voice. There was nothing surprising in all that. Both minorities had long been vocal against the betrayal of working-class interests which they read into the policy of freezing wages. Both had worked hard against national policies of wages and production.

Reduced to those proportions the strike should have ended on the second day. Instead of that, it grew. The strikers refused to listen to the union leaders — who were Communists. Experienced veterans like Hénaff were sent about their business. The strike committee rejected even the intervention of the C.G.T. Their demands were equivalent to a rise in wages which, if granted, must have set off a whole train of similar demands in other plants. As it was, the machine-shops in St. Denis and Clichy downed tools in sympathy. Everyone knew that little would be required to transform the mounting wave of discontent into precise and widespread demands.

In this situation it might have been thought that the Socialists and, *a fortiori*, the MRP (Christian Democrats)—both of whom have been leading exponents of the entire necessity of freezing wages if runaway inflation were to be averted—would have sided without hesitation with their Communist colleagues. For months they had been saying that a general rise in wages would spell disaster to the franc. Here was a chance to translate words into deeds.

Nothing of the kind came about. Both the Socialist minority in the metalworkers' union and the parallel branch of the C.F.T.C. (Christian Confederation of Unions), which is an MRP organisation, sided with the strikers. The reactionary press was jubilant at the strike, but no more so than were the official Socialist and MRP newspapers, the *Populaire* and the *Aube*: here was a nationalised concern which could not even settle its own labour difficulties. It was gleefully related that Hénaff had been hissed, that the strike committee had refused to listen to the union leaders, that the Communists were at last in a minority. The saving of the franc was put off for another day.

Faced with this manoeuvre, the C.G.T. took the only course left open to it, and swung round to support of the strikers' principal demands, a support which rapidly developed into a general campaign for a production bonus of 10 francs (about 5d.) an hour for all metalworkers in Paris. A vote at the Renault plant later in the week showed that over 11,000 men were in favour of the strike, and about 8,000 against it, with 1,000 abstentions. The difference was small, but it was enough to decide the C.G.T, (and therefore the Communists) upon a change of policy. A debate in the Assembly later on—by which time the issue had become confused with other questions of major policy—revealed the Socialists and MRP chastened and unnerved by the cannoning effects of their manoeuvre, and with the Communists saying angrily that they would not be "outflanked on their Left."

The Renault strike was therefore a leaf taken from the well-thumbed textbook of French anti-Communism. The attitude of the MRP may be defended: Christian Democrats, after all, are by definition anti-Communist. The attitude of the Socialists did not surprise anyone, but that is scarcely a tribute to the party's wisdom and sincerity. Can it really be thought that this is the sort of manoeuvre which is likely to lead to a great progressive movement, uniting the working class of Europe under the banners of peace and progress? On the contrary, the manoeuvre to increase wages was slated by the Socialist Prime Minister, M. Ramadier, later in the week as likely to lead to a collapse of the franc and an endangering of the Republican regime in France. It seemed that the saving of the franc could not be put off after all.

The results of the three General Elections which have taken place in France since the Liberation have sufficiently shown that the French Socialists—the *Section Française de l'International Ouvrière*, to give it its full title—no longer command the support of more than a small fraction of the working people of France. Their electorate to-day is the small middle class, the shopkeepers and the white-collar workers in the unions. The leadership has stratified into something like a clique. And its policy, if it can be called a policy, is the uneasy maintenance of a negatively middle position between two stronger rivals, the MRP and the Communists. Small wonder, then, that its attitude is so often contradictory, and that its deeds contrast so oddly with its words. Like Buridan's ass, it cannot decide at which manger it wants to eat—that of Communism or of anti-Communism: unfortunately, these resolve themselves in fact into the working class and the middle class. And in effect the party leadership decides more often than not for the second.

This dilemma is reflected in every aspect of Socialist policy. Defence of the working class—but not, of course, at the expense of backing the majority which happens to vote Communist. Constitution of the French Union—but not, naturally, at the expense of granting independence to the Annamese and other subject peoples. Freedom and democracy, the saving of the franc—but not, it goes without saying, if these must mean unpleasant things like national policies of wages and production. The growth and flowering of republican institutions—but not, above all, if these imply a rigid barrier to General de Gaulle. The French Socialists are straying into the wilderness.

THE VILLAIN OF THE PEACE

THE Moscow curtain now descends,
Peace work another deadlock reaches,
And as the stale performance ends
The actors make their hackneyed speeches.
The action lately broken off
The combat showed of hell and heaven,
The villain played by Molotov,
The hero Marshall, fed by Bevin.

The hero brooked no compromise
When principle might be affected—
American free enterprise
In Germany must be respected;
The Western Powers hearts were pure,
They argued each case on its merit—
The villain tried to jump the Ruhr,
The heroes vowed he must not share it.

In Soviet Zones free speech was banned,
The hero's rule was democratic,
The Western Zones remained unplanned
Despite obstruction systematic.
So vice and virtue were paraded,
As black and white as night and day,
But still the world is not persuaded
All are not uniformly grey.

The Big Four met the air to clear,
But when the task had been completed
The audience felt the atmosphere
By some strange chance, was just as foetid.
And though their labours will not cease
So long as they have breath to quarrel,
There is no villain of the peace,
And that is all the Moscow moral.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

One key argument of *Keep Left* has been reinforced this week by the publication of the comparative figures of national income and expenditure in 1938 and 1946. Britain's net income from overseas investments has fallen by only 95 millions. But Britain spent on the overseas forces 300 million pounds last year, and the estimate for 1947 is still 175 millions. If we had liquidated most of this expenditure last year we should have come near to a balance of payments. In 1950, by the process of demob., Britain cannot have more than 600,000 in the Services, which is less than half of what we have today, so that in this period (when there can't be any war) we are maintaining a vast and futile expenditure which prevents the Government fulfilling its promises in such vital matters as housing, and which forces it to try to save a few odd millions by such unpopular expedients as the punitive tobacco tax. It is, I think, because there is no answer to such arguments, which for a long time have been understood by about half the Cabinet, that *Keep Left* has been treated in official circles as a useful piece of propaganda rather than as another example of wicked rebellion. Some Liberals, of course, don't like it, and the *Daily Worker* finds it steeped in anti-Soviet sentiment. Exactly the opposite criticism is made by a commentator who seems for once to have got out of step. The rebels would have been very uncomfortable if they had not been attacked in the *Sunday Express* by Mr. Ernest Thurtle, M.P., that most leaden champion of all that is dreary in the Labour Party.

* * *

Mr. Bevin made a sensible statement on Poland last week, but he had unfortunately done great damage by his attitude to the frontier question while he was in Moscow. A friend who has just returned from Poland tells me that the British and American decision to challenge the Western frontiers of Poland caused dismay and bewilderment in circles most anxious for collaboration with the West. Since on this matter all Poles are united, the result of the Anglo-American attitude is to strengthen the Soviet claim to be the only friend of Poland. Perhaps Mr. Bevin regards the Polish frontier merely as a bargaining counter and does not seriously expect to see it revised. There is an incidental factor that might have given him pause. My friend tells me that many thousands of the Jews who fled to Russia in 1939 and were sent back to Poland this year, had been successfully settled in the Western provinces. She herself has visited them there and spoken with many who were settling down successfully as farmers. She has even talked to a Jewish miner. Whereas in central Poland anti-semitism is still ripe, in these western provinces there seems at last to be a chance that the Jews could start life again not as middle men in the towns, but on the soil. The news from Moscow, by her account, caused a panic among these newly settled Jews, many of whom have begun the trek once again into the American Zone of Germany rather than face the risk of being incorporated, once again, in Germany. Since I cannot believe that anyone seriously expects a shift of frontier, it seems to me to be a singularly heartless thing to terrify these people by a mere bargaining proposal.

* * *

So Acre Castle, which held out successfully against Napoleon—his cannon balls are still embedded in its walls—has been stormed by the Irgun and Stern gangs. The Jewish terrorists who were set at large had just been moved from the Jerusalem prison because it was not considered perfectly secure. This spectacular exploit will of course be as harmful to the Jewish cause as all its predecessors. I happen to know that just before the terrorists set a light to the oil storage tanks at Haifa agreement had at last been reached to raise the immigration quota to 4,000 a month. The decision was cancelled when the news came through. I don't know how many times in the last two years the terrorists have played into the hands of the military, or the military into the hands of the terrorists; their joint activities destroy the chance of conciliation. One result of the Acre affair will be to decrease the likelihood of overt Haganah support for the military authorities. On very many occasions the Haganah has secretly thwarted an Irgun coup. Last year, for instance, it foiled an attempt to blow up the headquarters of the Sixth Airborne Division and another to murder General Barker. But, not unnaturally, the Haganah is nervous of disclosing its own arms by coming into the open and it is very reluctant to lose popularity by openly supporting the British. By making the British look fools and incompetents, the Irgun wins the secret hurrahs of even the most law-abiding Jew. Few people who saw "Odd Man Out" could help finding themselves emotionally on the side of the gunman against the police and most of us know that if the Irgun had been operating against the Germans during the war they would have been glorified as a Resistance movement. How much more violent must be the instinctive reaction of a Palestine Jew or even a Palestine Arab when he hears of this exploit against an alien administration which he detests. Where nationalist feeling is aroused and the population is in sympathy with the resistance, no case has yet been known of successful repression by force. Multiplying troops does not do the trick. The larger the forces, the more kudos the terrorists. If we had 50,000 fewer men in Palestine, the Irgun would be no more dangerous.

* * *

Dr. Feilinger and his Czechoslovak colleagues are leaving this country very well satisfied with their visit. Their films, particularly the imaginative puppet films, have been greeted with real enthusiasm and their trade discussions have been more than promising. Far more important, they leave with the sense that those in authority over here have discarded the suspicious attitude that they showed in 1945; we all know now that Czechoslovakia is a democracy in which co-operation between Socialists and Communists is not only possible, but an everyday success. One of the interesting developments is the arrangement, only handicapped by transport difficulties, for entertaining British miners in Czechoslovakia. The country possesses some of the best spas in Europe, which used to be popular with the luxury class. Czechoslovakia no longer expects a flood of rich people; she wants to throw these holiday resorts open to workers on holiday.

* * *

Coal, the new monthly magazine which has been published for the first time this week by the National Coal Board, is attractively produced. Someone has had the bright idea that an official publication need not be dull; the articles in this magazine are readable as well as informative and one gets the impression that there is a new spirit among the men managing our mines. This is just the kind of publicity that nationalised industry needs if we are all to feel a sense of ownership and responsibility towards it. I hear that some periodical publishers are disturbed that the Coal Board should be able to secure quite considerable supplies of paper at a time when established firms fear further cuts in their meagre supply. But I feel that this magazine will do a useful job that no commercial publisher would normally undertake. Everything—including paper rations—depends on coal output and economy in its use. If *Coal* helps us to achieve these ends, no one should grudge the newsprint.

* * *

It is amusing to meet Americans during their first few days in England, as they try to match the facts of our lives against the stories of their press. Apparently it is not too easy. One American I met last week was frankly amazed at our failure to realise the straits we were in. "According to the papers back home," he said, "your standard of living has sunk so low under Socialism that your Peers are practically chewing the ermine on their gowns. I admit your food is bad, but then I've visited Britain before the war." I suggested, however, that London did look rather shabby, which my American guest could hardly deny, "but according to our papers your houses aren't just shabby, they've all fallen down." He also complained that the British people, owing to some lamentable oversight, had apparently never been informed that the British Empire had been liquidated and Britain could not therefore hope to exist as an independent country much longer. It is going to be hard for us in Britain this summer to decide just what sort of Britain we do show to the Americans—do we have them to dinner the night we eat the meat ration or the night we have bread and cheese? Do we give them weak beer at the local or strong drink at the Ritz? Perhaps the Tourist board can tell us: are we proud or are we poor?

* * *

I find it quite easy to give up smoking. I have done it over and over again. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to S. Earle Spicer.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

For it has been the peculiar achievement of Mr. Attlee's Administration that it is now more unsafe for Britons to walk abroad in the streets of London than ever it was for men, women, or children to wander unarmed and unescorted over the Indian subcontinent during the century of the British Raj, that symbol of Britain's Conservative past.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Temporary clerks employed by the Director of Naval Accounts, Bath, who complained of the "hurtful" and "disgraceful" wording of a notice of dismissal are to receive another letter couched in more courteous terms.—*Daily Telegraph.*

I am horrified to learn from my young brother, who has just been posted to an Infantry Training Battalion at Aldershot, that amongst his preparations for the weekly kit inspection he has to emery board and polish the studs and plates on his boots, scrape the label from his boot polish tin and then polish the lid.—Letter in *Picture Post.*

THE PROSPECTS OF PAKISTAN

So it is to be Pakistan, after all. That is the conclusion which emerges from all the recent news from India. Once more the Constituent Assembly has met without its Muslim League members: on its side Congress has faced the inevitable by demanding the partition of the Punjab and Bengal. The bold action of the Cabinet in fixing a date for the ending of British rule has had the salutary results that were to be expected from it. First, it has convinced Indians that the British offer of Independence is sincere. The atmosphere that surrounds the last of the Viceroys is happier and more cordial than it ever was in the past. We may now hope with some confidence that the new relationship which opens in June of next year will be one of intimacy and close co-operation between equals, who still have much to give each other in the fields of economics and culture.

The second consequence of fixing a date is that it has precipitated a decision of the communal conflict. So long as it seemed possible that the presence of a British arbiter might be prolonged, the indecisive manœuvres of the familiar triangular duel might have continued indefinitely. Until last week no one was perfectly sure whether Mr. Jinnah's stubborn demand for Pakistan was tactical, or whether it had to be taken literally. The time-limit has made for plain dealing. Since he insists on his sovereign, independent Mohammedan State, all that remains to be done is to draw its boundaries and that will not be easy. The alternative would be civil war or a long period of coercion and that is a folly which Congress has never contemplated.

The division of India is a prospect which no one welcomes, outside the ranks of the Muslim League. It is a reactionary step in an age when the need is for economic planning on a continental scale. It throws away the chief boon of political and economic unity which British rule had brought to the people of India. It is hard to believe that this sub-continent will be safer when it has two armies instead of one, or more prosperous when a cactus hedge of tariff barriers disfigures its plains. Nor is it certain that the process of dismemberment will be ended when the frontiers of Pakistan are drawn. The League's boycott has lessened the prestige of the Constituent Assembly. Though the more liberal of the Princes' States have now taken their seats in it, the majority of them still hold aloof and some of them may try for a time to play at independence.

But the chief reason why most of us dislike the idea of Pakistan is that it implies a reversion to some medieval conception of theocracy. If it meant a deepening of the religious consciousness of Indian Muslims, there might be some compensation in that. The Islamic tradition has an ethical and social content of its own. But the obvious meaning of this movement of separation is something wholly negative—mere fanaticism and contempt for the Hindu neighbour. Its origin is less the fear of Hindu members than a sense in the Muslim middle-class of inferiority face to face with the ascendancy of the Hindus in industry and finance. When one looks at the facts of Indian poverty it seems to a Western Socialist as if the Muslim masses had been led to a wrong turning in the road towards emancipation. Their needs are the same as those of their Hindu neighbours—more water for their fields, more hospitals, more schools and liberation from the parasites who prey on both, the feudal landlord, the usurer and the profiteer.

It is too late, however, for criticisms and regrets. The day's task is to make this separation as little harmful as may be. The first problem is territorial. Last year's elections produced a curiously contradictory result. All over India the League swept the Muslim constituencies and scored 75 per cent of the votes cast. The election was a disturbing performance to witness. Corruption was so usual that one came to accept it as a custom of the country. The intimidation among the Muslims, especially in Bengal, was even more serious. For the illiterate voters (the majority) in the Punjab there was no secret ballot. What the election correctly measured was the balance of organised forces within the Muslim community. But in spite of the League's victory at the polls, it was able to form a ministry only in two of the five provinces Mr. Jinnah claims, Bengal and Sind. What the League has since been doing has been an attempt, by various forms of direct action, to make a territorial conquest of the other three. Assam was invaded by large numbers of landless Bengali Muslims, who squatted on the waste lands. In the Punjab the weak Coalition Ministry was brought down by mass demonstrations, but the League was unable to form a Government and the province is now administered by the Governor. Similar tactics failed to upset the Congress Ministry in the Frontier Province, but its plight is anxious and precarious. In both these provinces the League has its quasi-military formations, armed with spears and swords. While the League dominates the towns of the Frontier, the Pathan peasantry, who have not forgotten the equalitarian traditions of their ancient village communes, are still loyal to their beloved leader, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, and his disciplined but unarmed Red Shirts.

The first effect of these tactics has been to rally the Muslim community all over Northern India in a solid phalanx under Mr. Jinnah's leadership. In this fanatical atmosphere few have the moral or physical courage to stand apart. But the Sikhs or Hindus in their turn have closed their ranks. Both sides have their share of guilt in the unprecedented slaughter which has raged in a series of retaliatory movements from Calcutta and East Bengal to Bihar and the Punjab. The result of these excesses has been to destroy such chance as the Cabinet Mission's ingenious compromise ever had of general acceptance. After this experience the Sikhs of the Punjab will not consent on any terms to take the place assigned to them in this plane within the North-Western provincial group. As little will Assam, under a Congress Ministry, consent to be grouped with Bengal.

The Cabinet Mission's compromise met the wishes of Congress by preserving the unity of India: it met Mr. Jinnah by assigning to the two provincial groups which correspond to Pakistan the five undivided provinces he claims. This compromise the League rejects. But if it will not concede India's unity, it cannot expect the satisfaction of its maximum territorial demand. Only one-third of the population of Assam is Muslim, and it is concentrated mainly in a single district, Sylhet. It would be reasonable to detach this district and add it to Eastern Bengal. The Frontier Province forms a peculiar case, for, though its population is solidly Muslim, it has a majority for Congress and against Pakistan. But if Pakistan comes into being, could the Frontier Province survive in isolation, cut off from Hindustan? The proper course would seem to be to submit this issue to a provincial plebiscite. Manifestly, the Punjab will have to be divided, though no line can be drawn which fails to leave a considerable minority of Muslims in its eastern section, and of Sikhs and Hindus within Pakistan. This is a point which Mr. Jinnah will not easily concede, for, by reason of its comparative wealth, the Punjab must be the dominant power in Pakistan. The Sikhs have, however, the armed force of their princes to back them at need.

Bengal presents the crux of the problem. It is more homogeneous in language and culture than any other part of British India, though its eastern region is overwhelmingly Muslim, as the West is Hindu. When Lord Curzon divided it, it was the Hindus who won its reunion by a violent agitation. Today, rather than be separated from the rest of India, it is they, in spite of Mr. Gandhi's advice, who demand its partition. But would Eastern Bengal, after a fair division on communal lines, be capable of life as an independent State? It would lose not merely the great port of Calcutta but the taxable wealth of the coalfield and the industries of the western districts. To make Calcutta a free port would solve part of this difficulty, but Eastern Bengal would be left to enjoy its isolation in poverty. How Pakistan is to ensure the defence of its two regions, separated from each other by seven hundred miles, is a mystery which Mr. Jinnah has yet to clear up.

By what process of negotiation or arbitration the frontiers between Hindustan and Pakistan are to be drawn has still to be disclosed. Beyond that question lie others—the division of the assets of the Central Government and the painful business of breaking up the army which had acquired under Sir Claude Auchinleck a genuine Indian patriotism. Mr. Jinnah is prepared for a military alliance for the defence of the Indian Peninsula as a whole, and for regular conversations between the two staffs. Will he go further and consider the creation of standing joint committees, on a footing of equality, which might adjust common interests in such matters as communications and the control of the rivers? In this way functional unity might gradually be built up across the political frontiers. The best to hope for is that, after the separation, the exasperated stress on religious differences may die down. Men's thoughts will be focused on social problems and on both sides of the frontier Socialist parties are sure to grow. India cannot for ever be broken in two. She would not be India without the contribution Muslims have made to her cultural heritage.

H. N. Brailsford

PROSTITUTION AND THE LAW

I—DRAB REALITY

However they may differ in age, intelligence, education, or wealth, newspaper readers have a common denominator; they never skip anything about sex or murder. Great circulations are built up on about three sections in the Offences Against the Person Act, 1861; the killer and the prostitute attract a furtive popularity because they unburden the consciences of fellow-citizens eager to recognise that sin resides elsewhere. In the Sunday papers this timid vicariousness is just now having the time of its life, purging itself with pity and terror. "Ugly vice has a stranglehold on the Capital . . . The lid is off the cess-pits at last." In such terms the more popular Sunday papers direct their searchlight into the pits. With a companion who knows what goes on, I have been peeping into them, too. I found no gangs; no romance; only drab reality.

From the corner of Brewer Street and Windmill Street I watched one, a super-blonde, turn suddenly to walk alongside a man in Lexington Street; the formalities of meeting must have been ruthlessly guillotined, I missed them altogether. They hurried along Lexington Street and disappeared into a house on the right—I think it comprised a number of flats over a shop. I looked at my watch. Exactly ten minutes later they came out (still hurrying, it seemed to me) and after a perfunctory fifty yards together they parted. I watched the man go into a pub. on the corner, turned to look for the girl, and found that she was coming back again with another man. She must have been back in the flat within four minutes of coming out.

The episode was, I found, typical. What did it mean in terms of cash? When it got dark, I found that some of the girls were ready to talk. Thirty shillings or two pounds a time seemed to be the usual tariff in that area (it is considerably more among the mink coats in Bond Street). How many men? Perhaps a dozen, fifteen. Twenty on a good night. On a bad night perhaps only ten pounds or even less. That evening was as cold as January, and you would have expected men to be bending their minds to lentil soup and hot-pot. "Five pounds for a case-o," one of the girls told me; "have you got five pounds, dear?" As a matter of fact, no; but what was a "case-o"? A full night in bed, she said. I realised, looking at her, that it was very, very dear, but when trade was brisk it might mean a heavy sacrifice for her.

"It's a right five quid, you see," she explained. "You might turn down a case-o and get nothing else all the evening. Besides, you're not going up and down the stairs all the evening and annoying people." I was reminded of the "stews" once maintained in Southwark by the Bishops of Winchester, and later by a much respected Lord Mayor of London—"for the repair of incontinent men to the like women," as Stow puts it; under Henry II, Parliament turned its attention to the stews and ordained that "no single woman shall take money to lie with any man, but she lie with him all night till the morrow." None of this up-and-down stairs business for twelfth century landlords.

Against the earnings, you must put the heavy overhead charges. These girls may pay twelve or fifteen, sometimes eighteen guineas a week. They are helpless against this form of exploitation. Who were the landlords? I was shocked to hear the names of several well-known estate agents. And in most cases the girls do not live where they work (they call this their "gaff"); they pay out more guineas for homes in cheaper areas.

How about the police? The prostitutes' attitude to the police in the neighbourhood, who know them all by their Christian names, touches the very root of this ancient problem, the fatuous, almost laughable futility of the whole thing. Here we are, they say, earning a living. There are the police, earning theirs. If it weren't for the police there'd be swarms of "amateurs" choking the business. "The police pick us all up in turn," said one. "It comes round about once a month. It's fair enough, really, it's only forty shillings. If you play the fool, get drunk or act saucy or something, you get it more often, and you've asked for it. I've got no complaint about the coppers." Every morning at Marlborough Street and Bow Street about a dozen girls pay their "income tax" under section 55(11) of the Metropolitan Police Act, 1839. One appearance per month per girl keeps this farce going smoothly.

I asked her how she stood on the rota. She laughed—"I was picked up this evening," she said. "You could see me at Marlborough Street Police Court in the morning, if you liked." Why did the police let her out again the same evening, then? "I've got to live, haven't I?" she said. "They can't fine me forty bob if they don't let me earn it; they don't mind where it comes from as long as they get the money. They only keep you in the police station about 20 minutes. Charge you with 'soliciting to the annoyance of passengers,' and then let you go on bail. They know where we all live, you see, and they know we'll always turn up."

There must be some thousands of them in the West End; I remember hearing that about three thousand are registered as convicted prostitutes on one police division alone. But I should say that the number out in the streets at one time is numbered rather in hundreds. I was anxious to find out how many of them were controlled and directed by gangs of *souteneurs*, who come round in expensive cars and collect their rake-off in the streets with the aid (if necessary) of razor-blades, coshes, and knuckle-dusters. I could get no information about any gangs at all; nobody seemed to know of any—apart from the clique referred to recently at the Old Bailey.

Some of the girls admitted that they are keeping "ponces," but they regard this merely as a matter of having a more-or-less permanent boy-friend, a man about the house, and the boy-friend of the moment is the one they are in love with (or think they are). These gallant chaps seem to include a disproportionate number of Maltese, Cypriots, and coloured men, and there are two reasons for this. One is that an erotic diet of Englishmen appears to breed a profound contempt for the way they "make love"—satiety calls for foreign ardour. The other is that Maltese, Cypriots, and colonials cannot be deported like aliens when they are convicted for "living on immoral earnings"; they are British subjects.

As a rule, these love affairs (which, incredible as it may seem to the ostrich-minded, are often touched with romance and something like happiness) are short-lived. Ponce and prostitute weary of each other, the girl refuses to pay over any more of her earnings, and her erstwhile lover either knocks her about or begins bringing other girls into the flat. Sometimes she denounces him to the police, he is arrested on warrant for "knowingly living, wholly or in part, on the earnings of prostitution" (the police prefer, if they can, to find him in bed with the girl by way of showing that he is living with her), and he goes to prison for three months, six months, or perhaps—if he is committed for trial—two years. By the time he comes out she has another ponce to protect her and he finds another girl to sustain him. Marlborough Street sees about one of these cases a month, and they excite little attention. But these, and not wealthy gangs of Capones, are the people living on prostitution.

On one subject all the girls expressed themselves vehemently and identically, as soon as they knew I was a journalist. They are passionately angry about recent Sunday newspaper articles that have called them "gutter filth" and especially about statements that they are all infected, or have been infected, with venereal disease. They all affirmed that they regularly have clinical blood tests, generally once a month for three guineas, and that they normally insist on contraceptives, which they supply. (These can still be got from automatic machines at night.) They were unanimous in saying that the press articles have been disastrous for "business," and I think one should allow for this possibility in considering the numbers of prostitutes to be seen on the streets. Scare articles will frighten the men off, but not the women—with an exception in which my informants found cause for satisfaction. Apparently there are some amateurs who are employed in ordinary jobs during the week and go on the streets at the week-end, and some who make week-end visits from the outer suburbs and the provinces. These have been frightened off by the stories about gangs of men patrolling in cars and demanding "protection money" from the women.

Many of the girls are British, and probably 80 per cent. of these provincial, with Welsh, Irish, and Yorkshire predominating among those I spoke to. Most of the foreign ones are French—and expensive. These, it seems, are increasing in numbers and may increase further, through the closing down of the Paris *maisons tolérées*. Practically all the girls are smartly and carefully dressed, in clothes of immaculate cut and freshness. While I was pondering this, we turned our attention to the homosexuals.

Some of these are quite unmistakable, except that they could easily be girls wearing slacks; their careful effeminacy is astounding. I saw no actual soliciting by any of these—they were arm-in-arm with men, each time I saw them, walking fairly briskly with an air of destination. The soliciting was done by shabby, vacuous youths whose common characteristic seemed to be a deficiency of chin and a disinclination to shave what they had. A man who succumbed to them would need to have left his æsthetics at home; the ones I saw accosted seemed to have theirs with them. You cannot, of course, talk to these poor devils unless they accost you first, (*a*) because you can never be sure what they are (they look more like unsuccessful newsvendors than anything else), and (*b*) because there are men about who have the look of policemen in plain clothes, and they might think you were importuning on your own account. I learn from the National Vigilance Society that West End convictions against "male persons persistently soliciting (or importuning) in a public place for immoral purposes" average forty a month. There is absolutely no police "tolerance" of this offence. Since there is no such working compromise as in the case of the women, no system of "token arrests" such as the Metropolitan Magistrates have in that regard despairingly accepted, the standard of proof required in evidence is higher, pleas of guilty are infrequent and defence by solicitor or barrister is common. This follows, not so much from the fact that male soliciting (without proof that anyone was "annoyed") carries a penalty of six months' imprisonment, compared with the forty-shilling fine for the woman, but rather from the fact that the offence to which the solicitation is as a rule directed is punishable with penal servitude whereas female prostitution, in itself, is no offence at all.

We failed to find any of the dens devoted to the "nameless vices" found by other sleuths. We did not, indeed, find indoors any of the vices that have got names, and we wondered what vices there could be that Havelock Ellis and the German *fin de siècle* sexologists had failed to christen. In the Soho clubs, mostly sordid little affairs on first floors over shops, people drink and talk at greater expense and in less comfort than in pubs. If there are any *Fanny by Gaslight* establishments in the square mile they are unknown to the police, the National Vigilance Society, the Public Morality Council, and the girls in the street; the latter would know, at least, and be full of complaint.

It may be of interest to examine, in a further article, the causes of vice in London, the law about it, and what can be done to deal with it more effectively. Meanwhile, the intending visitor to London should proceed with his plans. It is improbable that he will be shot by a gang of gun-minded Borstal boys or that his wife and daughter will be whisked off to Buenos Aires.

C. H. Rolph

WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

A WITCH-HUNT is on in Washington. Congress, judiciary and police headquarters are whipping themselves into the anti-Red frenzy.

Lilienthal, of Tennessee Valley Authority fame, was only confirmed as head of the Atomic Commission after a Senate Committee had smeared him with near-Communism—"too soft on issues connected with Communism and Soviet Russia," declared Senator Taft: and "an extreme New Dealer," charged Senator Bridges. Clapp, Lilienthal's successor at T.V.A., was accused of recommending *The Grapes of Wrath*, "which," remarked his senatorial accuser, "everyone knows is a Communist book."

Gerhart Eisler, refugee from Nazi Germany, seized as he was about to return to his country, is now held while the F.B.I., with memories of the Canadian spy trial, seek to prove him an "agent of the Comintern." Recently Shirer, popular C.B.S. broadcast commentator, had his sponsorship by a firm of shaving cream manufacturers cancelled, owing to "liberal political views." Well-known men of progressive views like La Guardia, Henry Morgenthau, Orson Welles, and John W. Vandercook, are allocated decreasing time on the air, despite their public popularity. The net has been thrown wide, for Edgar J. Hoover, F.B.I. chief, has said "so-called progressives and phony liberals" are little better than Communists.

How far are these moves designed to secure the suppression of all liberal opinion?

There is an ugly precedent in the years following the 1918 Armistice, when a wave of anti-Red hysteria, with federal assistance, swept the United States, lasting far into the era of Harding "normalcy" and Coolidge "prosperity."

It began with the feeling engendered against those who opposed the war, particularly for political reasons. Sixty-three year old Eugene Debs, already four times presidential candidate, began in April 1919 a 10-year sentence for telling a Socialist convention that war was caused by capitalism.

Victor Berger, first Socialist to be returned to Congress in 1911, was also given 20 years' imprisonment after being re-elected to Washington in the Armistice month elections. While his case was under appeal Berger was not allowed to take his seat in Congress. Later it was declared vacant. Back in Wisconsin Democrats and Republicans agreed to fuse for the subsequent election and present one candidate to "oust the Red," but Berger was returned by a bigger majority than before. Congress again refused to bow before the will of the people of Wisconsin, and not until the Dept. of Justice dropped the case after the Supreme Court had allowed his appeal, did this American Wilkes take the seat in 1923 that he had won in 1918.

Symptomatic of the virulence of this anti-Red scare was the refusal to allow five Socialist members to sit in the New York Assembly in January 1920, thus disfranchising 60,000 New Yorkers for a session. After the Socialist members had taken the oath, the Speaker suddenly ordered them to appear at the bar of the House, declaring that the Socialist Party was not truly a political party, but a subversive and unpatriotic organisation.

The Assembly then passed a resolution barring them until a tribunal established their right to sit. The expulsion was confirmed, despite opposition of many bodies of respectably conservative views, such as the New York Bar, led by Charles E. Hughes, former Republican presidential candidate and later Supreme Court Chief Justice. Even the *New York Times*, infected by the virus, could declare: "The expulsion of the Socialists was as clearly and demonstrably a measure of national defence as the declaration of war against Germany."

Red rags were no more irritating to bulls than red flags to excitable State legislatures. In 1920–21 no fewer than 33 States passed a "Red Flag Law," forbidding the display of this "noxious" emblem.

Kansas, fearful that the wily "syndicalists" would merely change the hue, forbad any emblem "distinctive of bolshevism, anarchism or radical socialism." Others legislated against the wearing of red ties or red buttons for propaganda purposes. As always such excesses rebounded on the heads of their proponents. Massachusetts hastily repealed its law upon discovering that under its clauses was banned the crimson flag of Harvard!

The greatest sufferers were those least able to defend themselves—the aliens. Many had been in the U.S.A. for ten or twenty years: many were aliens only because their Left-wing views precluded them from citizenship. President Wilson's Attorney-General, A. Mitchell Palmer, who liked to hear himself called "The Fighting Quaker," distinguished himself in this battle against the "aliens"—a battle in which he had all the weapons. At the end he deported 249 Russians in what was known to the popular press as the "Soviet Ark." Warming to his work he planned the biggest radical alien round-up in history. On the night of January 1st, 1920, police raided meetings, broke into union premises, hauled men and women from their beds and arrested—without warrants—over 4,000 unfortunate aliens—some of whom, in a Boston suburb, had met for the no more dangerous purpose than the discussion of the formation of a co-operative bakery.

Threatened by the rise of a labour movement then strengthened by the war, the anti-Red weapon was too good for Big Business to ignore. The I.W.W. particularly was singled out for attention, but Socialists, Communists, Communist-Labourites and trade unionists all felt the rigour of the law.

> There was no disorder, save of the raider. These, mainly uniformed and armed, overawed, intimidated and forcibly entered, broke and destroyed property and documents, cursed, insulted, beat, dispersed and bayoneted union members by order of the commanding officer . . . and in general perpetrated a reign of terror, violence and crime.

This is not an account of Hitler's storm troopers in 1933, but a U.S. judge's description of a 1920 raid on a union hall.

Spies and agents-provocateur insinuated their way into radical associations. The *New York Times* of January 3rd, 1920, approvingly reported:

> For months, Dept. of Justice men, dropping all other work, had concentrated on the Reds. Agents quietly infiltrated into the radical ranks, slipped casually into centres of agitation, and went to work, sometimes as cooks in remote mining colonies, sometimes as miners, again as steel workers, and, where the opportunity presented itself, as "agitators" of the wildest type.

No one can recall these events without expressing concern at current tendencies. The possibility of a repetition of these excesses is, unfortunately, considerable, and the fuel more inflammable. In the post-1918 years there was no real external enemy. Despite the "violent" Russian revolution Wilson himself had sent a congratulatory message to the first Congress of Soviets. To the bogy of domestic revolution can now be added the spectre of a powerful Communist Russia. Secondly, the labour movement is immensely stronger than in 1918, and the political and economic status of the Negroes has considerably improved. Added to this, the lessons of the 1929 slump have sunk deep into the minds of Big Business. Terrified of another "recession," they seek in advance to deprive labour of that leadership which will be most vocal in demanding radical changes when unemployment figures soar above the fifteen or even twenty million mark.

To-day reaction has weapons that even the "Fighting Quaker" had not in 1920. The federal Sedition Act that Palmer vainly demanded is now on the statute book in the form of the Alien Registration Act, 1940, which, though passed for wartime purposes, can be none the less useful for peacetime repression than was the 1917 Espionage Act.

Palmer too has his successor in Mr. Schwellenback, Secretary of Labour, who has called for a legal ban on the Communist Party, and he has yet to be disavowed by the President. The Ku Klux Klan, quiescent for twenty years, is reported again to be renewing anti-Negro and anti-union agitation. Congress is littered with anti-labour and even anti-"dangerous thoughts" Bills. The Civil Service is to be purged. An American Legion chief has recently demanded "every alien Communist should be deported" and every "Communist" citizen imprisoned, among whom many, no doubt, would like to include Mr. Wallace. And how many "phoney liberals" are included in the ambitious Edgar J. Hoover's recent remarkable statistic?

> When the Communists overthrew the Russian Government there was one Communist for every 2,277 persons in Russia. In the United States to-day there is one Communist for every 1,814 persons.

Clearly only Mr. Hoover and his agents, doubtless again "dropping all other work," stand between the American Way of Life and Red Revolution. EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO EXHIBITIONS

LOVERS of French painting must surprisingly be advised to visit the Royal Academy exhibition, in which they will find, radiant at the end of a vista, two pictures by Bonnard. They shimmer; they rutilate; they overwhelm one with the feeling that ordinary life can be all a wonder and a wild desire. The large *Bol de lait* has the glow of cinerarias, the bloom of noble grapes, the generosity of Chambertin, the welcome of the Mediterranean. It shows a sturdy, simply dressed girl standing in a middle-class room: the southern light and Bonnard's brush have transubstantiated every detail of the commonplace subject into a richness that outshines the satins of de Hooch and the damasks of Tiepolo. To achieve this sumptuosity Bennard sets colour by colour like the Impressionists, exaggerating the brilliance of shadows; his purpose, however, is decoration instead of veracity; also his handling is more free, more capricious and more noticeable. The brush dances instead of dabbing. The *Coast Scene*, smaller and paler, is hardly less astonishing. There is a hint of Japan in the design. Taking larger units than the Pointillists, Bonnard has so dappled his canvas that the weightier elements in the scene—foreground of plain and background of mountain—have become no less imponderable than the predominating sky. The picture is made of light, like a late Turner or Monet; but whereas Turner's light is liquid, and Monet's gauze-like, Bonnard's has the texture rather of a velvet. He used colour, as Debussy scored, with an extraordinary mixture of sensuousness and refinement. They both of them mark a particular point in space and time that is unlikely to be paralleled in the history of civilisation. An uneven painter, and sometimes a feeble draughtsman, Bonnard in such pictures as these becomes an artist no less life-enhancing than Renoir.

The remaining exhibits at Burlington House need not detain us for long. According to the catalogue, "No Artist is allowed to send or exhibit more than three works in all"; Academicians, on the other hand, can exhibit six. If they do not consider themselves artists, who am I to contradict them? The architecture is inconspicuous, the sculpture most of it pathetic. (Mr. Dobson shows two excellent drawings of animals.) There is a slight increase, I fancy, in the number of respectable paintings, though not of interesting ones. They reflect not only the taste of our rich, but the glumness of our climate, the austerity of our repasts—and have we not just been the guests of a Lucullus beside the pre-war Mediterranean?

The superiority of Mr. le Bas to his colleagues this year is more marked than ever, though it may mercifully have escaped their notice. *Fish Market, Dieppe* is the most ambitious picture I have seen by him, a vast success (going to France has done him good); and in *Cleaning the Studio* he manages beautifully a medium that I think is new to him. The best portrait in the show is Mr. Moynihan's *Lord Provost of Dundee;* for his young Etonian, delightful in conception, has not quite come to life. In the first room a small picture by a hand unfamiliar to me caught my eye by the vigorous imagination it revealed; I consulted the catalogue and found "*Winter Sunshine* by Winston Churchill." His other contribution, *The Loup River*, though much less interesting, stands out in this company because it is so professional and assured. The most curious object in the whole hotchpot is Mr. James Gunn's portrait of *Sir William Y. Darling, C.B.E., M.C., D.L., LL.D., M.P., Lord Provost of the City and Royal Borough of Edinburgh*, 1941–1944. I know little about him except that he is famous as a wit—which you would never guess from this picture, which I suspect of being very unkind. For it suggests to me a Soviet painter's notion of something he knows only by hearsay, the Bloated Capitalist or the Fascist Beast. The Communists might be well advised to commission from Mr. Gunn a whole series of such portraits to use as propaganda.

If it is not French but English painting you want to see, go to Millbank. Here is an exhibition of works belonging to the Tate which have returned from a tour of nine Continental capitals. Forty-six painters are represented, born in the years 1860 to 1914. Despite some unlucky omissions and a few inclusions that seem to me whimsical, the show offers a very fair general view of English painting during the last fifty years. What are its characteristics? Rarely original, even more rarely powerful, it is usually sensitive, especially in colour. Indeed when an English artist does not make sensibility his trump-suit he is apt to come to grief. Ginner, Wydham Lewis, William Roberts and Gertler may be thought exceptions to this rule, but look at the Stanley Spencers, the Hillier, the Burra and the portrait of Suggia, in which Augustus John, attempting the grand manner, has jettisoned everything that gives charm to his earlier work.

The most effectively original of these English artists are the young Wilson Steer, the young John, Frances Hodgkins and Graham Sutherland. (One might add Innes, who however is here represented by an audacity that is a disaster.) The Camden Town pictures seem to me to grow better every time I look at them. The two early David Jones watercolours are exquisite. I wish there were more of the definitely Post-Impressionist works: the two early pictures by Duncan Grant and Matthew Smith are great beauties. Finally, it is Sickert who bestrides the whole period, like a Colossus; and here you will find some splendid examples with which the Tate has lately been enriched.

The catalogue contains useful notes on each painter and an introduction by Mr. John Rothenstein. I wish only that a greater effort had been made to date the pictures. ROGER MARVELL

THE MOVIES

Czechoslovak Film Festival

"The Bridge," at the Tatler

"Le Déserteur" and "La Cage aux Rossignols," at the Curzon

Film festivals do not, for some reason, greatly take on here; however, this year's gala from Czechoslovakia has been better arranged than last year's from France, and no doubt it will prove more successful. A number of feature films, documentaries, and cartoons have been and are being shown, not only at the New Gallery in London, but in Edinburgh and Dundee. Here is our introduction to the Czech film; and if one takes away from it no indelible memories, the general impression is of honest interesting work.

All the films I have seen show a single purpose: the rebuilding of a new nationalism shattered by war, and a tendency in that reconstruction to look towards Russia. *Men Without Wings* tells the familiar tale of Resistance, but with the detail and the emotional shades that our own fictions have necessarily lacked. *The Stolen Frontier* deals with the Sudetenland in

1938: we hear again that tragically musical time-signal from Prague, and in a hopeful moment one Czech soldier exclaims to another, "The British are mobilising . . . Chamberlain must have gone fishing." And in *The Warning*, perhaps the most impressive though the least securely knit of these films, we followed the adventures of two peasants who, brutalised by their Hungarian masters in 1900, emigrate to America, work as miners, and return to their mountain with a personal drama to resolve and a collective hope to work for. What links all these pieces closely is a common concern for the people, a fine use of landscapes and customs, a steady rather than a brilliant illumination of social problems. Here is history, recent history, that does not ignore the individual, that is consistently fairer, perhaps, to one class than another, but by Russian standards a model of uprightness. Only occasionally does "social realism" flap its ears. No doubt the Hungarian landlords of the Tatras were bestially idiotic: alas, *The Warning* fails to make them convincingly such. On the other hand this film gives a well-documented and attractive picture of Slovak peasant life. Well-documented—all these pieces are that; they take one back, in purpose and technique, to the war-years when English films found a footing on not dissimilar ground. Everything we have seen at the New Gallery has been solid, honest, engrossing. But a little lacking in imaginative purpose? That may come. The crackle of satire in a short cartoon called "The Chimney Sweep" stirred me more, I must admit, than the Festival's bigger guns.

At the Tatler, supporting *The Stone Flower*, which I reviewed last week, will be found a British documentary, *The Bridge*, which in Russian manner depicts the enormous effort of a starving Jugoslav community in the hills to re-establish the railway linking it with the rest of the country and with food. This is one of the few extended glimpses we have had of post-war Europe; it is painfully moving. Here, so far as their strength allows it, people are building houses and bridges—wooden houses and bridges—with a will. And among the armies of suffering these hopeful people, I suppose, are well off.

The new French film at the Curzon, nine years old and dealing with the *other* war, was hardly worth resuscitating. Not that it isn't well enough made in an academic manner, but it snails its way through one blameless and admirably photographed scene after another, accomplishing little more than its own dramatics. Noel-Noel's unpretentiously charming *La Cage aux Rossignols*—the original French version, seen some months ago at the Tatler—not only supports *Le Déserteur* but runs away with the honours.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

Death's Jest-Book is one of the curiosities of literature. It cannot be called a great play, yet it is unquestionably a great poem. A magnificent display of poetic fireworks, it is also a deeply original expression of the extreme Idealist position. Like Goya in his *Capriccios*, Büchner in his two great tragedies, Bridges in his *Testament of Beauty*, Beddoes intended his last play to bear witness to his considered view of human existence. If I mention Büchner rather than Wordsworth in this context that is because the intellectual relationship of Beddoes to Büchner is so striking, and because—although the evidence is lacking—it is difficult to believe that the two men did not meet: both belonged to the Liberal Revolutionary movement and lived simultaneously in Zurich, which was quite a small place in the 1830's. The end of these men of genius was desperate, but *Death's Jest-Book* and *Woyzeck* are evidence that they embraced Despair, instead of simply giving way to it. The distinction is a real one because it involves an act of faith—in this case the paradoxical belief that death is a form of existence preferable to life. The death to which each tended, in his last play, is far more a temporal life on a plane parallel to that of earth—the life of ecstatic, ironic or vengeful spirits possessed of a power denied them here below: something far more like the Hades of classical mythology than the Heaven of Christianity. Like other highly conscious people whose emotions are too exorbitant ever to receive satisfaction, Beddoes never got far enough outside himself to perceive the impossibility of his claim: a state of affairs that I take to have been complicated by his abnormal sexual proclivities. People like this are very often Perfectionists. Struggling through fragment after dramatic fragment, Beddoes ended by perfecting a single character: the pure Revolutionary, the man who feels in the ill-balanced structure of society a reflection of his own inner conflict. Like the neurotic who goes abroad in order to get away from himself, the sinister heroes of Beddoes "change" their environment, by way of murder, rape, fratricide, and other extreme behaviour, in a vain attempt to change themselves. Isbrand, in *Death's Jest-Book*, is the one complete success of the English Romantic Revival, in the sphere of dramatic character-drawing; and he differs profoundly from his Jacobean forebears in the wholeheartedness of his contempt for life. One of the main problems of "realising" this play is the difficulty of combining, in a consistent dramatic whole, the decorative, Baroque poetry, and its distracting coruscations of imagery, with the intellectual progress of the theme. No conception of the play which proceeds on blood-and-thunder lines can hope to do justice to Beddoes's complex vision. It is this difficulty, rather than the morbidity of the plot or the length of its treatment, which has prevented *Death's Jest-Book* from ever reaching the stage. It was brave of the B.B.C. to have accepted the challenge thrown out by this defiant work of genius; but the fell moment has arrived at which I can no longer avoid saying that in my view the broadcast was a really impressive failure, the kind of utter calamity which remains in the memory as an outstanding example of artistic ineptitude. I hasten to add that Christopher Hassall, who made the adaptation, can scarcely be held responsible for the near-nonsense a cast of capable, but obviously bewildered, actors made of the play. Futile to look for points at which the production went off the rails: it was never on them. Though Napoleonically abridged (the original is longer than *Hamlet*), the text as it stood might have been rendered intelligible. Taken at a mad gallop, in the peach-fed style of the Old Surrey Theatre, it did not stand a chance. Recalling Mr. Nugent Monck's wonderful production of Beddoes's *The Second Brother* at the Maddermarket Theatre, I cannot believe this hideous muddle was unavoidable. Better to leave Beddoes severely alone than fling him at us in this thoughtless fashion.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE NEW MAURIAC

Oklahoma! at Drury Lane is the most buoyant spectacle we have been treated to since Massine's *Le Beau Danube*, and I hope to say a little more about it next week. Now I must concentrate on *Less Than Kind* at the Arts Theatre. Though this is neither so masterly a play nor so well acted as M. Mauriac's previous work, *The Intruder*, it is a profoundly interesting drama, on a totally different level than any other modern play in London.

M. Mauriac in his novels has always limited himself to a few themes: he works in depth not in extent. And his second play is close to the first in plot. Instead of a widow surrendering a young man to her daughter, there is a girl of twenty-seven surrendering her fiancé to her seventeen-year-old sister. In each case the traditional triangle is made more agonising by being set within a family circle; and in each case the commanding figure is not one of the three but a sinister middle-aged man—in *The Intruder* a sort of spoiled priest, in *Less Than Kind* the father of the two girls. And in each case this commanding figure really turns the triangle into a square, for he is all the more exigent and effective because his love is not overtly or consciously sexual. The world of M. Mauriac's imagination is as turbid as the Greek myths of Oedipus and Phaedra.

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MACMILLAN

When Elizabeth de Virelade gives up her fiancé, Alan, it is not because she knows her sister loves him; it is because she fears her sister will kill herself, and to a Catholic suicide is the most terrible of sins. (Her religious background, though it is hardly mentioned, is important: by training she is one of those French Catholics of whom M. Mauriac always writes, men and women who feel in matters of conscience with a Jansenist intensity.) Marianne gets no happiness from her marriage with Alan, because he still loves her sister; Elizabeth eats her heart out, alone with the father who tortures and adores her. Then Elizabeth discovers that her sister never seriously intended suicide. In her rage at having been tricked, she accepts the temptation to go away with her brother-in-law. But she recovers herself in time, a husband is given back to the sister, a daughter to the father. The powers of conscience have done their work: *Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.* The result is four unhappy creatures instead of two, and the final situation reminds me of *Huis Clos*. Even the father who has gained his object is miserable: he knows his daughter remains with him from duty, hating him. She is virtuous but not a saint who can love the unlovable. The French title of the play proclaims its subject, *Les Mal Aimés*. The father and younger daughter are excluded from love: they long for it and fail to inspire it (he has already been deserted by his wife); and the love they feel is self-destructively selfish.

The play seems to me less impressive than its predecessor for several reasons: no character is so tremendous as the spoiled priest; no character relieves the misery with the freshness of the young pair in *The Intruder;* and there is no suggestion of the sultry, pine-scented landscape. *Less Than Kind* is classical in its bareness: it is a drama entirely of the human heart. The dialogue is intensely concentrated, the awareness of the characters acute and absorbing, the *intelligence* of the whole affair amazing.

Mr. Norman Marshall deserves our deepest gratitude for bringing us such an important work. His production is highly accomplished, but it strikes me as too restless and noisy; in the second act he allows the play to dwindle into a series of fat scenes such as Bernstein might write, depriving the conflict of its fineness. He is not very well served by his cast. Mr. Ralph Truman as the father is excellent most of the time; and Miss Annabel Maule plays the younger sister very thoughtfully, though she does not bring out her youthfulness, making her sophisticated instead of merely tough. Miss Margaret Diamond, who shows power as Elizabeth, fails entirely to suggest her purity and high moral refinement; and Mr. David Peel makes little of Alan. He is too consistently solemn; a potential gaiety should, I think, show through his tenderness. This is a difficult part because the young man is given little character: he is a passive object of desire. The actor needs to present a charming pagan sadly strayed into a Christian inferno which he never begins to understand. Mr. Gower Parks's sets are satisfactory.

SAM SMILES

WILLIAM WALTON'S NEW QUARTET

THE new String Quartet by William Walton, of which the Blech ensemble has given two superlative performances for the B.B.C. this week, has all the virtues which we have learned to take for granted in this composer's music: it is excellently contrived, the construction clear, the use of the medium brilliantly effective. In spite of the lapse of time since his last major work (the Violin Concerto of 1939), it is also in all essentials the mixture as before: we recognise the familiar blend of harmonic astringency, rhythmic and contrapuntal ingenuity, and nostalgic meditation.

Now there is no reason known to me why a composer should not go on composing in more or less the same manner for the best part of a lifetime, as for example both Brahms and Fauré did; the manner of composition, however, must provide a satisfactory and comprehensive synthesis of a mature musical personality, and in Dr. Walton's music the warring elements are seldom altogether reconciled. The harmonic tension, the thudding or acrobatic rhythms, the volcanic outbursts of rage and spite—all these die away to be succeeded by a sort of lyricism-at-one-remove, a rather too distant view of Arcadia; then we return to the battle, but the victory is never quite complete. The best pages in the composer's violent style (for example, the introduction to the last movement of the Symphony) are as thrilling as anything in modern music; the lyricism of the first movement and epilogue of the Viola Concerto is profoundly touching; and yet the total effect of his larger works is apt to be sensational rather than truly satisfying.

The first movement of the new Quartet is perhaps the composer's most successful attempt hitherto to harmonise the two conflicting aspects of his personality. The interest of the *scherzo*, as might be expected, is almost purely rhythmic; and to a certain extent the same thing can be said of the finale; but the slow movement is a beautiful piece of sheer sound, at moments oddly suggestive in its layout of Tchaikowsky's *Andante Cantabile;* it comes nearer, I think, to the kind of music this composer has it in him to write, and perhaps wants to write, than anything else since the Viola Concerto: a music of direct emotional statement. If only, we feel, this immensely gifted man could plunge headlong into some absorbing new world of the imagination, as Verdi plunged into Shakespeare; if he could respond passionately to the vulgar excitement of the stage, or the contagious emotion of great poetry, or even to the liberating impressions of Mediterranean travel; if he could bring himself to write and write and publish and hang the consequences—then the sum of his genius might one day emerge in its proper noonday strength.

Sir Thomas Beecham, now at the very height of his powers, as recent performances of Balakirev's First and Sibelius's Sixth Symphonies have shown, announces three Sunday concerts at Drury Lane devoted to Mozart, among which that of June 1st, containing a revival of the great *C minor Mass*, is worthy of particular attention. So is next Friday's Morley College concert, the programme of which maintains the consistently high level of this series.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Correspondence

"KEEP LEFT"

SIR,—I have just been reading *Keep Left*. I think it is an admirable pamphlet and I hope it will be widely read in the Labour Movement. It should do a lot to clear people's minds for the Conference.

But on one crucial point the pamphlet is less clear than THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION or than my friend Dick Crossman has been in his own writings.

It fails to recognise that Socialist reconstruction in most countries in Europe is impossible without the Communist Parties, who are a vital factor in working class leadership both on the trade union and the political side, and that there is no alternative to the Left Centre Coalitions including both Communists and Socialists, except some Fascist or near-Fascist counter-revolution.

Mr. Crossman has faced and admitted this essential fact in his article in the *Labour Monthly* of February when he wrote that:

" I am entirely in agreement with Zilliacus' analysis, in his article 'Europe To-day,' of the problem which faces us. It is futile to speak as though the only alternative in Europe were either Communism or Western Democracy and to base our policy on the assumption that one or other of these ideologies must prevail. I would add that a very similar analysis could be made of the conditions in the Middle East. Here again British policy seems to be based on the false assumption that the alternatives are either Anglo-American 'democratic' control or 'Communist' control."

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"I also agree with Zilliacus that any critic of the Government's policy who suggests that there is one clear-cut Social-Democratic 'middle-way' is also over-simplifying. Really there is a spectrum shading from deep red to pale pink, and the common factor is the Socialist control of production."

As a direct result of the failure to be realistic on this issue the pamphlet achieves the considerable feat of advocating the unity of Europe without mentioning either the Anglo-Soviet or the Franco-Soviet alliance. Instead, it proposes to unite Europe on the basis of the Anglo-French Alliance, which seems to mean sometimes a Western *bloc*, served up in pink Social-Democratic sauce, and sometimes a real attempt to unite the whole of Europe.

Here, too, we must face the fact that we are pledged by the Anglo-Soviet Alliance, as the French are pledged by the Franco-Soviet Alliance, to treat the Soviet Government as partners in the economic reconstruction and political organisation of post-war Europe within the framework of the United Nations. We cannot leave that obligation a dead letter and hope to establish the friendship and co-operation with the Soviet Union that the authors of the pamphlet desire.

Here, too, it is necessary to be realistic and definite: the only possible framework for a United Europe policy is the triangle of alliances between the three European Great Powers, France, Great Britain and the Soviet Union. They should be made the basis for a regional European agreement within Uno, on terms of association to be collectively negotiated by the three Powers with the U.S.A. There is room and need for a West European sub-division within this all-European regional agreement, going at least as far as Mr. Churchill's June, 1940, offer to France, and including Scandinavia and the Lowlands. But it is impossible to form this West European union except in the context of an all-European agreement with the Soviet Union, which in turn cannot be reached unless and until we cease treating the Communist Parties of the Continent as enemies and recognise them as an integral, legitimate and permanent part of European working-class leadership.

I wish to conclude by repeating how strongly I agree with everything else in the pamphlet, including most of what it says on foreign policy. An attempt to implement the foreign policy outlined in the pamphlet would, I think, lead on to the conclusions I have suggested above. But it would save time and trouble to recognise that fact now!

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS

SIR,—I hope the public will not be led by the good sense of the general argument in *Keep Left* into supporting the conclusions on the future of German industry. After stating a number of very correct propositions the argument continues "It should be possible . . . to limit the reconstruction of the German steel industry and to get extra capacity by building steel mills in the neighbouring countries to be serviced with German coal."

This policy is economically unsound, as is the present one of making coal Germany's main export and dismantling industry for reparations. Her primary need is to pay for her food imports. She must, therefore, build up the value of her exports. Coal should be retained—after the requirements of existing industry in the Western countries has been satisfied—to manufacture more valuable finished products.

Then one must ask: "Who is to do the work in these new steel industries in France and Belgium?" What are the people going to do in the towns from which the plants are removed? It is no answer to say that France and Belgium would import German labour. They will have to do that anyhow for their own industry and there is clearly a very narrow limit to the German minority they will accept. Finally what is to happen to all the ancillary workers in the Ruhr towns—the shopkeepers, the tram drivers and the school teachers? Will the Western Allies take them too?

French fears are real and must be met. Surely international control would prevent any rebuilding of the arms industry. Leave ownership, political sovereignty and planning control to the Germans as long as they use the industry for peaceful ends and have an international board to ensure that they use it for no other ends. ASHLEY BRAMALL

House of Commons.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Critic's comment on the retention of corporal punishment in our schools plays on the susceptibilities of all, not excluding those who support its retention.

But it will not have escaped notice that in a recent public inquiry the grievances arose out of the alternative to corporal punishment.

To the visionary the system of rewards and privileges, with deprivation thereof, seems an obvious and indeed ideal way of dealing with the waywardness of naturally greedy boys in bulk. The manipulator is seen as a serene, just, and invincible demi-god, removed from human contact, taking up and putting down his puppets according to their day-to-day deserts.

But the system is based on greed. Said to be sound, the system has been devised without regard to the other characteristics of the humans who live under it and who have to work it, for the truth is that the system cannot be tolerated by anyone, young or old, who has a sense of justice.

The defects of the system make an impressive list:—

(*a*) The whole of the community is swept into the maelstrom of catch-as-catch-can. Amorality in the sphere of personal economic advancement develops.

(*b*) Natural behaviour is impossible for pressure is constant. Increased nervous tension results.

(*c*) Nothing but demure perfection may pass unnoticed. An iron curtain develops between staff and boys.

(*d*) The boy discerns that the system plays with him as ball.

(*e*) The system cannot be operated impartially.

(*f*) Assessment varies from teacher to teacher.

(*g*) The system impels designation, a foolish practice.

(*h*) It is a system of laudation and defamation, both of ill effect, both false.

(*i*) Multitudinous offences against few rewards means blocking together of slight with serious offences.

(*j*) Sponsored in fair words as a system of privilege for all who can make the grade, and granted that the cream will always rise, the system reveals itself in practice mainly as one for the punishment of petty offence, for the deprivation of the majority, for the privilege and reward of sycophants and spineless nonentities.

It is not surprising that such a system arouses revulsion, resentment and mistrust. It is not surprising that the Curtis Committee found unhappiness in institutions. Nor is it surprising that a recent poll of approved schools showed a majority in favour of the retention of corporal punishment, the cleaner, less vicious, less disturbing system with rewards to the vast majority as and when available.

CHARLES RAWSTHORNE

WRITERS AND THE STATE

SIR,—Without exception your contributors in discussing the position of the young writer to-day assume that the practice of journalism interferes with the production of literature. It is true that journalism is very often a school of cheap finish, but Stephen Gwyn has these interesting comments in his *Life of Goldsmith*: "The habit of writing much is in itself a training, like a pianist's or a billiard player's. The test is whether a man can retain a feeling for finish that is not cheap and a habit of gradually accumulating thought . . . the difficulty is to keep a margin of

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reserve which is not expended from day to day. Yet from that margin Goldsmith drew in four years his *Vicar of Wakefield* and his *Traveller*."

To the discipline of writing much one may add the discipline of day-to-day contact with the reading public. This, at the very least, encourages self-criticism. Think of the number of unnecessary sonnets we should have been spared had Wordsworth been subject to that discipline.

While the problem is so vast as to require a re-writing in modern terms of Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy*, there are two aspects of the whole situation about which I am sure your readers would welcome Mr. Mortimer's comments.

(1) How, in the midst of so many levelling forces, to preserve the individuality which is the characteristic of the creative artist. Whether we like it or not this does suggest a certain antithesis between the artist and the planned society.

(2) Assuming that the greatest art is that which gives the most comprehensive view, how is the writer to deal with a situation in which knowledge has so vastly accumulated as to make specialisation inevitable?

HUNTER DIACK

SCOTTISH OUTLOOK

SIR,—The writer of the article, "Scottish Outlook," in your issue of April 19th, does not appear to be altogether well-informed about the history and the background of the Scottish Home Rule movement. His statement that "before the war Scottish Nationalism in all its facets was a dilettante movement of undergraduates and cranks in factory-made tartans" is somewhat notably wide of the mark. Its appearance in a Socialist paper is particularly surprising.

The truth is that, until recent years, the demand for Home Rule has come, in the main, from the Left. It was an important plank in the platform of Keir Hardie's Scottish Labour Party, the mother of the I.L.P. It was raised in Parliament at least nineteen times between 1887 and 1929, in all cases by Labour or Radical M.P.s. Though opposed by the Conservatives, it had the support of a majority of Scottish members on all occasions except the first. The last Scottish Home Rule Bill was introduced by the Rev. James Barr, Labour M.P. for an industrial division of Lanarkshire.

It was generally believed in Scotland up to the time of the last General Election that the Labour Party was, in fact, pledged to Home Rule, and the belief has been repeatedly used to suggest that the appearance of candidates of the Scottish National Party was a mere wanton splitting of the vote for self-government. Most of the older Labour M.P.s. are, in fact, convinced Home Rulers, as were practically all the men who, in the past half-century, established the Party's supremacy in Scotland.

The most notable development of the years between the wars was the growth of national feeling, not among politicians (so many of whom were already committed to Home Rule), but among Scotland's intellectual leaders. Most of the fairly numerous Scottish writers of the period were Nationalists of one kind or another, and their point of view was naturally reflected in the Universities.

If the Home Rule movement now tends to be critical of the Labour Government's policies, this is chiefly the result of a not unnatural disappointment that a Party which was believed to favour self-government should so constantly ignore or play down the demand not only for political autonomy but even for Scottish control of the nationalised industries and services inside Scotland. It is felt that the whole basis of future self-government is being undermined, perhaps deliberately, perhaps because Westminster simply has no time to consider the Scottish point of view.

That these fears exist on the Left as well as on the Right and in the Centre was proved clearly at last week's conference of the Scottish T.U.C., which passed a series of resolutions demanding consideration for Scotland's peculiar problems, economic and political. Unfortunately, neither Mr. Attlee nor Sir Stafford Cripps, both of whom addressed the conference, found time to deal with such problems—neglect of which may nevertheless have a deep effect on the future prospects of the Scottish Labour Movement.

R.

Glasgow.

DE TOCQUEVILLE

SIR,—I was not a little astonished to read in Mr. Laski's review of my abridgement of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, that I had omitted important sections of the original without any indication of the omissions, that I had misjudged Tocqueville's analysis of the American Presidency, and that I had failed to give the essential facts about the writing of the book. The first of these criticisms is a matter of fact, the second and third are a matter of opinion—or perhaps of policy.

First then, for the matter of fact. Mr. Laski states, without qualification, that I have "left out" fourteen important sections of the original. The contrary is true. Every one of the sections to which Mr. Laski refers are to be found in my abridgement.

In seven of these fourteen instances nothing in the original has been omitted. In the other seven cases, I have omitted—after all, this is an abridgement—some lines. Altogether these sections which Mr. Laski says I have omitted take up 82 pages in the Reeves' edition which I have used; my omissions come to 16 pages. I should add that in every case I have indicated omissions with the customary dots.

The matters of opinion call for briefer notice. I am surprised to find the author of a book on the American Presidency insisting that the President is "inherently" weak; suggesting that Polk, for instance, was a weak President; and admitting a series of exceptions which seem to me wholly to disprove his contention. As to the failure of my introduction to explain why Tocqueville came to America, what he did here, and how he wrote his book, it is sufficient, I think, to repeat what I said in that introduction—that Pierson's Tocqueville and Beaumont in America and Bradley's new two-volume edition of Tocqueville had adequately covered that ground, and I saw no need to summarise their findings.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Columbia University, New York City.

[Professor Laski writes: "I owe Professor Commager an apology. He is right, and I am quite wrong, about the passages I mentioned. But he is partly responsible for my mistakes, since he has provided no concordance by which it is a straightforward matter to compare his abridgement with the original. In any case, the principles on which the abridgement is made have the result that Professor Commager has reduced the 75 chapters of Volume Two in Reeves' translation to thirteen chapters, and this has been achieved by leaving out passages of the utmost importance in illustrating Tocqueville's philosophy and prophetic power.

"I do not agree that a reference to Bradley's edition of Tocqueville and to Pierson's remarkable book justify the lacunae in the introduction. First of all, neither of them is easily accessible, in this country at least; secondly, the purpose of an abridgement is to save the reader from searches outside its pages.

"On the nature of the American Presidency, I regret to differ from an historian of Professor Commager's eminence. But that is not an issue which can properly be discussed in a footnote."—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

THE MINERS' FIVE-DAY WEEK

SIR,—In your issue of May 3rd you say that the Reid Report insisted on a five-day week as an essential of technical efficiency.

You omit to state that it had to be a "five-day working week of eight hours per shift for underground mine workers" and not a seven and a half hours as at present.

I was a signatory of the Reid Report and I believe all my colleagues would agree with me that five days of eight hours would have greatly helped to avoid the reduction in output which everyone now fears and which this country cannot bear.

AUSTIN KIRKUP

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE scarcity of comic writing in the last thirty years or so is often remarked. It has vanished (some will say) with our happiness. It has gone with sanity and civilisation. The comic writer, who is above all a man of sense, has no place in our world. Certainly the attack on Zoschenko in Russia has indicated how unsympathetic official cultures are to the comic writer; and as far back as 1910 we had seen our own Wells abandon the cheerful greenery and sly alleys of comedy for the straight asphalt paths of propaganda. The apostasy seems inevitable when we consider the two wars. The break-up of the small patterns of living, the levelling of local life and its absorption into larger patterns, have turned characters into citizens. Mr. Polly and Kipps can break out of their cages now; they need submit no more to the local pressure that cramped their style and made them comical. For it is the pressure of set circumstances that helps to form and encrust the comic character and the only pressure one can see nowadays in our fluid society is of the kind that comes from inside a character rather than from his environment. I am thinking of the weight of personal mania: the English comic characters of to-day are noticeably mad. They are without attachments, but like human snails they carry a house of private madness on their backs. How different the new comic is from the fixed characters of our tradition may be seen by going back to the last of the old school, to the stories and novels of W. W. Jacobs. One of his novels, *Dialstone Lane*,* has just been reissued with an introduction by Mr. Henry Reed.

Jacobs had the fortune to grasp a small, fixed world at its moment of ripeness and decline, a time always propitious to the artist. A Thames-side clerk, Jacobs knew the wharves where the small coasting ships and land-hugging barge fleets tied up on their rounds between London and the wizened, rosy little towns of the Essex estuaries. This was a fading traffic: the cement, the flour, the bricks, the road flints, were more and more being diverted to the railway; the small mills and shippers were being devoured by the larger firms; the little towns with their raucous taverns and fighting inhabitants had already quietened; and unemployable and unspeakable old men sat on the posts of the empty quays, refining upon their memories of a past, spicy in its double dealing, prone to horseplay and cheered by the marital misfortunes of others:

> "Love?" said the nightwatchman, as he watched in an abstracted fashion the efforts of a skipper to reach a brother skipper on a passing barge with a boathook; "Don't talk to me about love, because I have suffered enough through it. There ought to be teetotallers for love the same as wot there is for drink, and they ought to wear a piece of ribbon to show it, the same as teetotallers do. . . . Sailormen give way to it most; they see so little o' wimmen that they naturally have a high opinion of 'em. Wait till they become nightwatchmen, and having to be at 'ome all day, see the other side of 'em. If people on'y started life as nightwatchmen there wouldn't be one arf the falling in love that there is now."

To these dream-crusted and high-tempered seaports whose lattice windows flashed with the light of the silver estuary mud, no stranger ever came, unless it was a gentleman-painter who disgusted the patriots by painting only the ruins; the yachtsmen, holidaymakers and estate agents of a later day had not yet appeared, to dissolve the nightwatchmen in free drinks and to develop in the young an even more ferocious financial cunning than their fathers had. In other words, Jacobs found a world unstained by change, its inhabitants contentedly absorbed in the eternal human problem of how to get the better of one another, a fruit mellow and ready to fall into the comic artist's hands. The coachmen of Dickens, the landowners of the Russians, the booby squires of Sheridan and Fielding, had been in their time precisely at this point of ripeness. The talent of Jacobs is a small one, when he is compared with the masters, but like theirs, his types are not chosen until they are already dated; like theirs his humour is fantastic and artificial. No notions of realism or social purpose, as Mr. Henry Reed rightly says, cross his mind: he writes, so to say, from the ivory fo'c'sle. He recognises that in his nightwatchmen, his decisive widows, his sailormen, he is dealing with an advanced and sophisticated culture which has become fimly barnacled on the coarse surface of common life; and that the elegance, the speed, the riposte and the intricate plotting of something like Restoration comedy, can alone do justice to his highly developed people. Any page of his many short stories will illustrate this; indeed, only in his macabre stories, like *The Monkey's Paw*, or, as Mr. Reed points out, in the ambitious *Master of Craft*, will one find anything like realism. I take this from *Dialstone Lane*:

> "I've got her," said Mrs. Chalk triumphantly.
>
> "Oh!" said Mr. Chalk.
>
> "She didn't want to come at first," said Mrs. Chalk. "She'd half promised to go to Mrs. Morris. Mrs. Morris had heard of her through Harris the grocer and he only knew she was out of a place by accident. He . . ."
>
> Her words fell on deaf ears. Mr. Chalk, gazing through the window, heard, without comprehending, a long account of the capture of a housemaid which, slightly altered as to name and place, would have passed muster as an exciting contest between a skilled angler and a particularly sulky salmon. Mrs. Chalk, noticing his inattention at last, pulled up sharply.
>
> "You're not listening!" she cried.
>
> "Yes, I am; go on, my dear," said Mr. Chalk.
>
> "What did I say she left her last place for, then?" demanded the lady. Mr. Chalk started. He had been conscious of his wife's voice and that was all. "You said you were not surprised at her leaving," he replied slowly, "the only wonder to you was that a decent girl should have stayed there so long."
>
> Mrs. Chalk started and bit her lip. "Yes," she said slowly. "Go on. Anything else?"
>
> "You said the house wanted cleaning from top to bottom," said the painstaking Mr. Chalk.
>
> "Go on," said his wife in a smothered voice. "What else did I say?"
>
> "Said you pitied the husband," continued Mr. Chalk thoughtfully.

I have quoted only the overture to the gruelling hazards of Mr. Chalk's relations with his wife; Jacobs has all Fielding's gift, which came from the stage, for capping situation with situation, for never letting sleeping dogs lie. Two things will strike us about that passage: first, the lack of conventional facetiousness. Facetiousness gets shriller and lighter; humour sinks deeper and deeper into its ribald and wicked boots. The other point is that the extreme elaboration of Jacobs's wit, the relentlessness of his innuendo, are applied to the traditional subjects of the English music-hall: the mother-in-law, the knowing widow, the fulminating wife and the henpecked husband, the man who can't pass a pub. Fighting, black eyes, man-handling, horseplay, stealing of people's clothes, assuming disguises, changing names, spreading lying rumours, the persecution of one man by his mates for a lark, are the common coin. A man in love is fair game. Bad language is never given verbatim, but it is never let pass. (The old jokes about swearing are given a new polish. Mr. Henry Reed quotes this jewel: "The langwidge 'e see fit to use was a'most as much as I could answer." Only Mark Twain's Mississippi boatmen could equal that). The laziness of the working-man is another stock joke which, in spite of political pressure, has not yet died; indeed only the false teeth joke is missing. The feminine side of the mixture is conventional music-hall too. There is no sex. There is no hint of illicit love. With this goes a low opinion of married love. Young girls are pretty, tidy, heartless and always deceptively grave. They flirt. They terrorise with their caprices like any Millamant. They outwit everyone. It is their brief moment. Presently they will become mothers of ten squalling kids; and their husbands will be beating them; or they will become strong-willed monsters, the scolds of the kitchen, the touchy and jealous Grundys of the parlour.

Material of this kind dates when it is used realistically and it would be simple to show that Jacobs draws the working-class and the lower middle-class as they were before even the 90s; and treats them as comics for reasons that are, unconsciously, political. It is certain that Polly and Kipps, for example, are greater characters than the Nightwatchman or thick-headed knockabouts like Ginger Dick, simply because Wells relates them to something larger than themselves. That is to attribute no artistic falsity to Jacobs's characters; they are merely limited and within those limits they are perfect. Jacobs's general impression of the poor is sound; the psychology of sailors, shopkeepers and so on is exact. And one important aspect of working-class character, or at any rate of male character when very ordinary men are thrown together, is strongly brought out and justifies his intricate plots from Nature; I refer to the observation that the rapid, oblique leg-pulling talk, with its lies and bland assertions which no one believes, is part of the fine male art of cutting a figure and keeping your end up. The plots in Jacobs are the breath of the fantasticating life of men. They are superior to the plots of a writer like O. Henry. They spring naturally from the wits of the characters as trickery comes naturally to cardsharpers; they seem to pour off the tongue.

The flavour and the skill of Jacobs are of course all in the handling of the talk. At first sight the talk looks like something merely funny in itself; but Jacobs had the art of adding the obstacle of character to narrative:

> "Come here," said the mate sternly.
>
> The boy came towards him.
>
> "What were you saying about the skipper?" demanded the other.
>
> "I said it wasn't cargo he was after," said Henry.
>
> "Oh, a lot you know about it!" said the mate.
>
> Henry scratched his leg but said nothing.
>
> "A lot you know about it!" repeated the mate in rather a disappointed tone. Henry scratched the other leg.
>
> "Don't let me hear you talking about your superior officer's affairs again," said the mate sharply. "Mind that!"
>
> "No sir," said the boy humbly. "It ain't my business, of course."
>
> "What ain't your business?" said the mate carelessly.
>
> "His," said Henry.

There is no doubt that Jacobs is one of the supreme craftsmen of the short story. It is extraordinary that he should have brought such pellucid economy to material that was, on the face of it, stuff for schoolboys or the Halls; but in doing so, he transformed it. The comic spirit was perhaps his thwarted poetry. He knew his limits. The only carelessness or rather the only indifference in his work appears in his novels. Of these *A Master of Craft* suggests a partial attempt at the Mean Street realism of the period; and a desire to go beyond his range; it contains a lady-killing skipper—instead of the usual skipper-killing lady—and he is, for Jacobs, an ugly character. Jacobs shows his wounds a little in this book; but, for some reason, he slips back into his shell. I think we may be glad he decided to remain in the ivory fo'c'sle. The artificial, the almost pastoral Jacobs of *Dialstone Lane* is more satisfying. The spring sunlight of pure malice and self-possessed sentiment gleams on this story about three gullible townsmen who dream of going to sea; and the story has two immortally awful wives in it: the oppressed and the oppressor. But it is a major error in the plot that the dream voyage actually takes place. Jacobs would never have been so slapdash in a short story. On the other hand, there is a graciousness in this book, something bright and sparkling like a newly painted boat, and we must be grateful to Mr. Reed for reviving it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

**Dialstone Lane*. By W. W. Jacobs. Introduction by Henry Reed. The Century Library. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 6s.

THE 1945 ELECTION

The British General Election of 1945. By R. B. McCallum and Alison Readman. *Oxford University Press.* 18*s.*

Bernard Shaw described British democracy as a big balloon which came down to earth every five years or so; in this metaphor a general election is the process which permits six hundred men and women to elbow their way into the basket for the next five years' ride. Picturesque allusions to our electoral system (whether in adulation or derision) are more common than attempts to analyse it or describe it systematically. This is natural enough when one considers the difficulty of presenting in systematic form anything so empirical. Yet even the British have their occasional bouts of political introspection, resulting in Reform Bills and similar disturbances, and even when they feel no such impulse are often called upon to expound their electoral system to foreigners. This gets the British into awkward predicaments. One such predicament arose lately in the British Zone of Germany, where Control Commission political officers have had the task of explaining to the Germans why they should vote for individual candidates rather than for party lists, and why they should so arrange their voting system that the parties which get more votes will be over-represented and those with less votes under-represented. After months of explanation the Germans are as politely incredulous as ever about the whole thing.

Two members of Nuffield College have performed a great service by attempting to state as factually as possible what happens when the British have a general election; or rather, what happened last time they had one, for the course of events is in some ways different every time the balloon comes down to earth. I would not say that their book will make it easier to sell the British electoral system to foreign countries. After all, the advantages of our system are empirical and might not operate in a different set of circumstances: for instance in Germany, where the relations between the parties are of an altogether more rigid and uncompromising kind. And its disadvantages have a universal validity. But the book, if it will not persuade, should at least make the task of explaining less confused and painful than it has been so far. It is even possible that after another two or three dozen of such examinations the British themselves may begin to seek ways of making their electoral system more scientific, if that can be done without impairing its convenience.

Most studies of the relation between votes cast and Parliamentary seats gained have come from specialists in proportional representation. Mr. McCallum and Miss Readman are not making out any case for P.R. Their conclusions, backed by Mr. D. E. Butler's careful statistical examination in an appendix of the relation of seats to votes, are the other way. Even so, they offer only a probability, not a certainty, that the party which polls the most votes will get the largest number of seats. It is surprising to learn that in the English counties the Conservative majority over Labour of three seats was based on a minority of votes (4,412,000 to Labour's 4,606,000). Mr. Butler concludes that though this sort of thing can happen, it can happen only within limits:

> If the unfairness of unequal constituencies is removed, a major party receiving a given percentage of votes can be guaranteed to win a given percentage of seats, with a margin of error not greater than 20 or 30. Certainly the lamentations of those who suggest that it is possible for a party with 40 per cent of the votes to triumph over a party with 50 per cent are falsified. In 1935 a party with a 1 per cent majority could be guaranteed to defeat its rival. In 1945, with greater unfairness arising from the unequal size of constituencies, the figure rose to 3 per cent. In the future, given an equalising redistribution and a continuance of the two-party system, it is believed that a party which gets only 2 per cent more of the total votes than its rival will have an absolute Parliamentary majority. . . . Within reasonable limits, when the system is called upon to return to power the party which commands the most votes in the country as a whole, it will very rarely fail to do so.

In short, the system is not the "complete gamble" that it has been made out to be. But a gamble it remains.

Leaving aside constitutional mechanism, there is a lot to be learned about British political behaviour from the election of 1945. The electorate was by no means apathetic. Yet it was not excitable, and attempts to stampede it were a failure. There were Churchill's "Gestapo" broadcast, his triumphal tour and "national" claims, and the "Gauleiter Laski" stunts; none of these, in the outcome, can have had any substantial effect. Where were the khaki election, "Hang the Kaiser," the Zinovieff Letter, the Savings Bank scare? Where were the fireworks of yesteryear? Observers on both sides commented on the quietness of the electors, their unemotional response. Some misread it as apathy, but those Labour Party observers who took it for a critical and judicial attitude seem to have been right, for in the end 73 per cent of the electorate voted—in spite of the wartime shifting of population which had reduced the number of effective voters by perhaps six per cent. Perhaps the use of radio for political debate, cutting out mass emotion, had something to do with the popular attitude. But even at meetings it was noticed that invective was rarer and paid only doubtful dividends.

> Electors were markedly bored and irritated by "personalities," side issues, and attempts to rake up the past of candidates or parties. All observers noted that audiences at meetings tended to be thoughtful, attentive, and interested, and particularly keen at question time. Questions were designed to elicit information rather than embarrass the speaker. Some observers likened them to questions at an Adult Education class rather than to those of a political meeting of the old sort. . . . Thus a rather subdued mode of oratory was imposed on speakers by their audiences.

There are fashions in electioneering technique, and the fashion this time was for sobriety. The Labour Party (Mr. McCallum and Miss Readman note) had taken endless pains to warn the electorate against stunts, and apparently its attempt at inoculation was a success. There are more ways than one of explaining the Labour victory; but looked at in one way, it was the victory of a prepared and formulated programme over a technique of electioneering improvisation. It is hard to believe that this lesson will have no lasting effect. Can it be that the stampeding method, so often irresistible, has had its day?

Parliamentary candidates are another subject which Mr. McCallum and Miss Readman explore far enough to make one want it explored further. So little is known about candidates as a class. Where do they come from? What enables—and what, for the matter of that, induces—a man to stand for Parliament? Shaw, remarking that "the voters have no real choice of candidates" (quite true, if we leave out the diminishing minority of voters who are indifferent to party), appealed for the invention of a fool-proof test which would enable candidates for office to be graded into panels according to their suitability for various grades of employment. This was before the expansion of psychiatry in the Army; to-day Mr. Shaw would no doubt be more careful lest the Selection of Personnel Branch might take him seriously. But the Nuffield investigators also hanker after psychological light:

> There are members of the same occupations in both the opposing parties, and it would require a further psychological explanation to discover why some members are on what must appear the wrong side from their class or material point of view. This is no doubt still beyond the possibilities of sociology, but it would be at least as interesting to know how many members had been only children, hated their mothers, or were bullied at school, as to know whether they were non-ferrous metal workers.

Even the conventional kinds of information about candidates they find scarce, and as they had access to all the sources except local gossip, it is fair to assume that the electorate was not much better informed. Here is a field for study. After all (as American practice recognises) the choice of candidates is as influential a part of the democratic process as the election itself.

John Midgley

A LATE LARK

William Ernest Henley. By Jerome Hamilton Buckley. *Princeton University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 16*s.*

Neatly folded and tucked inside a shilling paper-covered edition (1898) of Henley's essay on Burns, reprinted from "The Centenary Burns," is a page from The New Statesman of January 29th, 1921. It is a review of Henley's *Poems*.

"Henley," it begins, "Henley was a master of the vainglorious phrase. He was Pistol with a style. He wrote in order to be overheard." The review ends: "We need not count him among the sages, but literature has also room for sightseers, and Henley will have a place among them for many years to come."

Some of the years have come, and we need not strive to rescue Henley from this relegation by Robert Lynd. Mr. Jerome Hamilton Buckley's study, it is true, would exalt Henley into a philosopher with a message still worth heeding—belief in the individual unconquerable soul. In the properly conditioned mood we can so regard him. He is recitable on lonely vigils; in crowds he gives, as Robert Lynd implies, only Pistol's *panache*. Mr. Buckley finds him useful as a scourge of decadents.

Henley furthered the general philosophy of the Victorian activists. Their forerunner Byron suited the deed to the word, but Tennyson, Tupper ("For sloth yieldeth not happiness: the bliss of a spirit is action"), Carlyle, Browning, Arnold of Rugby, were comparatively sedentary, and Henley himself immobile. Like Stevenson, his coadjutor, he had to be content with doing his best to see that "manliness" was in other men. His poems, between the twitterings, are alternately calls to action and speeches for a stoic's deathbed. Such poetry is no longer popular. We take it for granted that men will rise to the occasion, and after 1914 defiance of death became a vulgar gesture.

For the possible loss to literature in heroic poetry there is a less acceptable explanation. The tubercular germ is not so active. Dr. L. J. Moorman can suggest a correlation between the decline of power in contemporary literature and the decrease in the prevalence of tuberculosis. Mr. Buckley will have none of this. He inclines, in the case of Henley and Stevenson, to the Adler concept of the "masculine protest." It indicates an ambivalence of values. "The will to live was strong, often because the fear of death was stronger."

Call it a pearl in an oyster and Henley's courage is still admirable. At twenty-five he had had one foot amputated and the other was in danger. *Invictus* ("Out of the night that covers me . . .") celebrated his emergence from hospital. It must be read in that context, but the spirit of "I am the master of my fate" supported him when he joined in the fray of London literary journalism. A doughty foe of the decadents, crossing swords with the great Wilde himself—that is the role in which Mr. Buckley likes Henley to appear. But a taint of jingoism has to be admitted; the Boer War doggerel cannot be ignored; rondeaux, triolets, ballades and similar bric-à-brac keep turning up; the gusto, the robusto, the Solferino nights—can that objectionable young fellow Shaw have been right? Henley, "an Elizabethan," he concedes, but "a man with an extraordinary and imposing power of saying things, and with nothing whatever to say." Or shall we agree with Mr. Buckley that Long John Silver Henley led a whole generation of English writers away from a sterile romantic decadence back to the humour and realism of their lustier forbears?

We must grant him all his merits. We must be glad he lived to encourage Kipling, Conrad and Wells, and write his *Song of Speed* after a ride in Alfred Harmsworth's 1903 Mercedes.

Daniel George

RUSSIAN LIVES

How Do You Do, Tovarish? By Ralph Parker. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

How Do You Do, Tovarish? is clearly inspired by the belief that much of the current tension between East and West is due more to "differences of temperament and tradition" than to differences of politics and ideology. Its purpose is to answer the question "What kind of people are the Russians in their private lives, as human beings?" The author, Mr. Ralph Parker, was *Times* correspondent in Moscow from 1942 until a few weeks ago, and he has lived among Russians in a sense not given to most foreigners. His outstanding quality is an intense interest in human beings and their ways and he writes with a warm sympathy for Russians.

To write about Russia or indeed about any remote land is like walking a tightrope. Those who lack sympathy risk missing the point, but those who are ruled by sympathy risk the blunting of their critical faculties. As we walk the rope nearly all of us sway with a natural bias to right or left. This bias cannot be eliminated, but it can be corrected by a conscious effort. Mr. Parker's danger is that his sympathy may lead him to explain away facts that ought to be faced in their naked starkness, but in *How Do You Do, Tovarish?* he has battled manfully against this tendency and the result is a study of Russian life which takes the reader right through all the surface squalor straight to the human realities which give Russian lives their colour and taste.

Mr. Parker is scrupulously accurate in his facts and his selection and presentation are fair. Only here and there an overtone risks a false impression. The statement that students may "take an interest in religion in their out-of-school hours" needs an indication that going to church is the only form of religious activity which is within the reach of the masses. In 1945 a Bible in Russian would have cost a junior office worker about 3 months' salary.

Mr. Parker starts from the great truth that in Russia life is still in flux. There is no standardised living, nothing that corresponds to the suburban pattern of the postman's knock and the eight-fifteen from Surbiton. The formal element in Russian life is provided by the tendency to make certain things into ceremonies. This is the reason for the set faces of the Soviet delegates at international gatherings and for the set toasts which are inseparable from Russian drinking even on the most informal occasions. If we sometimes mistake these conventions for lack of humanity the Russians "often find the English casual, off-handed and indifferent in personal relations and are often offended by that kind of quiet, undemonstrative behaviour that the English consider the height of good manners."

The absence of grooves for Russian lives to run in and the Russian sense of fellowship have both contributed to an easy relationship of man with man which reminds one of the American conception of democracy as social equality. This expresses itself "in a myriad of different ways according to the occasion" just as "the impersonal, almost aloof kindness which binds the British people is compounded of many millions of incidents of good will." This theme is embroidered in Mr. Parker's description of some vivid scenes that he has witnessed and some lives that he has known. The profuse illustrations are attractive in themselves but they are not really worthy. The official-looking photographs of Russia and Britain bring out no interesting contrasts or resemblances and their lack of social light and shade is misleading. Some of the pictorial statistics are illuminating but not all of them are easy to understand, and something seems to have gone wrong with the comparative housing figures.

John Lawrence

MILITARISM

Frederick the Great. By G. P. Gooch. *Longmans, Green.* 21s.

It is not long since we in England were first made aware of the German Evil as a hideous novelty. Now it has grown into our lives, and become what is much worse—a hideous commonplace. But our lesson has been tardily learnt. That drilled chauvinism which can still breed plague among the ruins is a thing of long standing, and we need imply no homage to the rival chauvinism of France if we admit that the French have seen the whole issue better. War might have been prevented; the Prussian principle might have been done away with by conciliation or revolution; but it was a reality under Wilhelm as under Hitler, under Bismarck as under Wilhelm and it has been a reality quite as long as the British Empire.

For this fact Frederick the Great is responsible. Seen in historical perspective the clever little King swells strangely into a fascinating, detestable colossus. Yet he did not invent the Prussian Army; his father did that. He did not invent Protestantism; Luther and Calvin did that. He did not invent the *Aufklärung*; that he took ready-made from Voltaire. Did he originate anything? Apparently not. He cultivated his garden. But his garden turned out to include Silesia and a good deal of Poland.

The special merit of Mr. Gooch's study is that it makes Frederick's triumph credible. The man who confronts the reader is a man destined to win victories. He is like the Caesar of Bernard Shaw, who is better than the Caesar of Shakespeare for that reason: you can picture him conquering the world. Frederick, indeed, was a very Shavian hero, and I am surprised that Shaw never made a play about him. Perhaps he would have been too much a mere repetition of Caesar. At any rate I know what the following episode sounds like. The King had found a crowd gazing at a picture in the street. "In answer to his inquiry he learned that it was a caricature of himself grinding coffee inspired by detestation of the French excisemen. 'Hang it lower,' came the order, 'so that they can get a better view,' and he drove on amid cheers. 'That arrangement suits me very well,' was his terse comment; 'they say what they like and I do what I like.'"

Frederick's character should be viewed in relation to his religious and philosophical progress. He was brought up at an austere Calvinist court; he swung over, after his character had been moulded by that discipline, to the cynical French Deism of his age. He was not a Christian, but he was, so to speak, shaped like one. It is very interesting to see the constant recurrence of Christian imagery in his sayings and letters.

> Compare my situation next month with that of last December. Then the State was on its deathbed; we were awaiting extreme unction before drawing the last breath. Now I am freed from two enemies, and my army will be encased between twenty thousand Russians on my right and two hundred thousand Turks on my left, of whom twenty-six thousand Tartars are at my disposition. That makes two Emperors as my acolytes, with whose aid I shall say a mass in the presence of the Queen of Hungary and shall make her sing the *De profundis*. That is only joking, for in my heart of hearts I say with the sage: Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!

Is it possible that the Puritan singleness and vigour were carried over into a manhood divorced

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from principle? Mr. Gooch describes a horrible event in the youth of Frederick: he tried to flee the country as a result of his father's oppressions, but was hauled back, and saw the friend who had helped him beheaded before his eyes. Such things harden the heart. The Prince could never be reconciled to his father or his father's beliefs; but he pursued other ends with a sort of unconscious fanaticism, aided by the intelligence and acuteness of genius.

The King's friendship with Voltaire is traced in illuminating detail. Strange to say (or is it really so strange?), the offender in their eventual quarrel was not Frederick. If the record of the Prussian King was the record of a little man's greatness, the record of the French author was the record of a great man's littleness. What they quarrelled about is of no particular concern; for us, accustomed to the revolt of wise men against Hitlerism, the point worth noting is that they did not quarrel about Frederick's policies. The alliance between culture and *Kultur* was never broken.

The significant thing about Frederick, indeed, is not his moral blackness but his mental brightness. In those days it was possible for militarism and enlightenment to go together—they were both in their way "progressive," when they both served a Protestant and national cause. The clearest thought of Europe was in Frederick's camp. It was his opponents who were the bigots and obscurantists. But in the twentieth century the position is reversed, and you get the bigotry and obscurantism in the camp of the militarist. That means that his conquests are more horrible; but the change represents progress: the evil has grown more deadly, but it has grown also more obvious. Frederick attracted Voltaire; Hitler antagonised Thomas Mann. The Prussian principle has laid waste the world, but in the course of its depredations it has got on the wrong side of all decent opinion. A myth, at least, has been destroyed. We no longer mistake the vulture for an eagle.

GEOFFREY ASHE

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEETHOVEN: *Eighth Symphony* (Vienna Philharmonic Orch. cond. Karajan. Col. LX988-90). A fine, clear-cut performance, in the classical tradition of Weingartner, who made a corner in this symphony which lasted during his lifetime. Since Wagner pointed out that the Minuet is here the "slow" movement, and the Allegretto (consequently) the Scherzo, there has been no excuse for getting the tempi wrong. Mr. Karajan is evidently quite aware of the peculiar difficulties which this work presents to the conductor. Beethoven remains Beethoven, even in his lighter moments: the sheer power of his mind, benevolent or sinister, makes nonsense of any attempt to take his music, as it were, for granted. The slight ambiguity of mood which runs through the Eighth Symphony makes a fully coherent revelation of it unusually problematic. Not only must the tempi be very carefully judged, but the deliberately narrow scale of orchestral colour has to be managed so as not to appear monotonously shrill. The heavy, square-cut sequences with which the climaxes are built up, in the first and last movements, are essentially hostile to mechanical reproduction; but at all other times this recording is easy on the ear, as well as faithful and vigorous.

SCHUMANN: *Piano Concerto* (Claudio Arrau, with Detroit Symphony Orch. cond. Krueger. H.M.V. DB6373-6). This entrancing work has had rather an unlucky recording history. Neither the early issue by Cortot, nor the more recent one by Dame Myra Hess, was entirely satisfactory. To my mind, the French pianist, Yves Nat, made the best set (not, I believe, published in this country). Recalling M. Arrau's recording of the *Carnaval*, I expected great things of this issue of the Concerto; to some extent I have been disappointed. The glitter, incisiveness, and precision of M. Arrau's performance are not in doubt; but something more than these qualities is needed to interpret a concerto which possesses much of the lyrical feeling, the shy intimations, of chamber music. It must, in fact, be played with *love*. M. Arrau—and the orchestra—give us everything but that, with the result that passages like the A flat episode in the first movement, and the Intermezzo, emerge empty and soulless. In the circumstances the Finale comes off best. The recording is by no means of the worst American variety; but the woodwind spontaneities are not persuasive enough, and the piano has a flat, jabbing hardness which I find it difficult to attribute to the pianist himself. Despite its faults this issue is far from negligible, and—with some hesitation—I should recommend it as the best obtainable.

WEBER: "*Euryanthe*" *Overture* (Hallé Orch. cond. Barbirolli. H.M.V. C3560). Neither this nor the Decca issue can be said to succeed in transferring to the disc the martial brilliance of Weber's full orchestra: on the first side of this record the tutti are disagreeably unlike true orchestral tone, and at the end of the overture they are barely endurable. In between there is much to enjoy and admire, both in playing and recording, and although from the latter point of view there is little to choose between the two issues, I incline to think Mr. Barbirolli secures the more vital performance.

ROSSINI: "*William Tell*"—*Passo a Sei, Little March of the Shepherds and Dance* (Symphony Orch. of the Augusteo, Rome, cond. Serafin. H.M.V. C3559). A very charming record. The *Passo a Sei* will be familiar to many people, the March and Dance to fewer. The recording is remarkably good.

SCHUBERT: *Quartet in A minor*, op. 29 (Philharmonia String Quartet. Col. DX1349-52). This "smooth and gentle" work (as Schwind called it) has been absent from the catalogues for some time, and its return—in a performance distinguished by restraint and musicianly feeling—is an occasion for rejoicing. Superficially ingenuous, this quartet is, in point of construction, quite an elaborate affair, which more than repays close study. It was composed during a period of acute depression in Schubert's life—a sadness which deepened the beauty of the themes without giving rise to any failure of inspiration or treatment. Henry Holst's violin does not appear quite at its best, and often stands too much out of the ensemble; otherwise the set has much to recommend it.

BACH: *Three Chorales*, arr. Fournier (Pierre Fournier acc. Gerald Moore. H.M.V. DB6372). I cannot see much point in these arrangements. They have, of course, been made in very good taste; and it is always a pleasure to listen to the grave, steady tone of M. Fournier's cello. But, beautiful as these chorales are, a suite of three short adagios, none of which has any particular connection with the others, does not make a very satisfactory record, though the actual recording is excellent.

TARTINI: *Sonata in G minor* (Alfredo Campoli and Eric Gritton. Decca K1531-2). The name of Tartini would not necessarily raise the spirits: the "Devil's Trill" is (save the mark!) a stupid piece. But this G minor Sonata is an altogether delightful thing, distinguished by arrestingly beautiful ideas.

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M. Campoli is admirable alike in style, technique and roundness of tone; and the recording makes no bones about a texture which is always clear. On side 4 an *Arioso* by Bach (an arrangement of the Sinfonia from the Cantata No. 156) makes a more than usually acceptable fill-up.

CHOPIN: *Polonaise in A flat, op.* 53 (Malcuzinski. Col. LX982). I can find nothing to say in favour of this record. M. Malcuzinski might be treadling on a pianola, so wooden are his touch and rhythm in this piece. Compared with the disc made by Arthur Rubinstein, this one has neither grace nor true fire, and the piano tone is consistently unpleasant.

MOZART: "Don Giovanni"—*Il mio tesoro,* and *Dalla sua pace.* (Aksel Schiotz with Royal Orch. cond. Tango. H.M.V. DB5264).

MOZART: "Cosi fan Tutte"—*Rondo* (Joan Cross, with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Collingwood. Col. DX1353).

MOZART: "Don Giovanni"—*Madamina* (Oscar Natzke, with Orch. cond. Braithwaite. Col. DB2291). These three discs are among the best recordings of Mozart arias we have had for some time. Mr. Schiotz's singing is never less than musicianly, and although in *Il mio tesoro* one could desire a little more vitality, his *Dalla sua pace* is in many respects a model. Mr. Natzke's *Madamina* is hardly that. He has a genuinely fine voice, but I feel that as a singer he has not yet realised his potentialities. In this record he gives a sketch for a good performance, rather than the performance itself: in the "catalogue," for instance, he makes too little of the words. Of the three singers Miss Joan Cross gives the most nearly ideal performance. This record of hers is really outstanding, for in it technique and feeling are nicely matched. Her stage personality, always so sympathetic, comes through the beautiful elaborations of the song, to create a whole which is in the best sense charming. The recording does justice, not only to Miss Cross's voice, but to some capital orchestral playing.

WAGNER: "Lohengrin"—*Elsa's Dream,* and "Tännhauser"—*Elizabeth's Greeting* (Joan Hammond, with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Braithwaite. H.M.V. C3562). It has long been obvious that Miss Hammond has a good voice and plenty of temperament: her words are always clear, and the impression she makes is never dull. If only she would learn a different style, and allow the notes to come out naturally, instead of pushing and pulling them, and indulging in that terrible squeal which is the bane of modern sopranos! Her quiet passages are most enjoyable, but their effect is spoilt by angry outbursts of unpleasing sound in the more strenuous sections of these arias.

MASSENET: "Manon"—*Ah! dispar, vision,* and "Werther"—*Ah! non mi ridestar* (Beniamino Gigli, with Royal Opera House Orch. cond. Zamboni. H.M.V. DB6346). This seems to me unquestionably the best of Gigli's later records. To call these arias sentimental is beside the point: Massenet's writing is essentially musical, even at its most operatic. Like Italian composers, he concentrates the expressive features of his music in the voice. For this reason alone the Italian style of singing does not sound out of place in Massenet, as it often does in German opera or Lieder. In this record the stream of beautiful tone is consistent, even when it is loud. The very full accompaniment is given all its value, but never forces the voice to strive against it; and the recording is well balanced.

BORODIN: *Prince Igor's Aria* (John Hargreaves, with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Braithwaite. H.M.V. C3561). An honest, straightforward piece of English singing. Mr. Hargreaves brings to the expression of this splendid music not only a strong and pleasing voice, but a remarkable sense of the emotional contrasts involved. I thoroughly recommend this record, of which the difficult dynamics are well engineered.

MASCAGNI: "Cavalleria Rusticana"—*Voi lo sapete,* and CATALANI: "La Wally"—*Ebben? ne andro lontana* (Maria Caniglia, with Orch. of Opera House, Rome, cond. Ricci. H.M.V. DB6351). It is possible that Mascagni's extremely nasty aria has been still more abominably sung, by inglorious (though not mute) sopranos. In any case, I count myself lucky to have escaped with only superficial injuries from the shattering assault of Signora Caniglia's voice. Apart from two horrible notes, the aria from "La Wally" is much more agreeable to listen to; and the music itself is pleasing.

SCHUMANN: *Frauenliebe und Leben* (Astra Desmond, acc. Phyllis Spurr. Decca K1566-8). This lovely and moving cycle has had an unfortunate recording history: in the sets issued in this country either the singer or the accompaniment was always unacceptable. Miss Desmond is an exceedingly agreeable and intelligent singer, but her performance in these songs lacks that touch of professional assurance without which almost all German Lieder tend to seem either heavy or lame. This is a great pity, for in some of the songs Miss Desmond rises to a level which one feels she ought to have been able to maintain throughout.

DELIBES: "Lakmé"—*Bell Song* (Gwen Catley, with orch. cond. Stanford Robinson. H.M.V. B9541). A startlingly accurate and pleasing performance. The last soprano to record this very taxing aria—Mme. Lily Pons—may be more sure of herself in coloratura; but Miss Catley has, to my mind, a much better idea of how this music should sound.

WEBER: "Der Freischütz"—*Durch die Wälder* (Richard Tauber with orch. Parlophone RO20551). Apart from the Gigli, this is about the best vocal record on my list. Mr. Tauber gives a remarkably fine, authoritative performance, quite free from the vulgarities which so often mar his style, and the recording is good. I add here that the Cetra company, whose records used to be issued in this country by Parlophone, has brought out in recent years a number of good recordings of the tenor, Tagliavini. This young Italian possesses a voice of the highest quality and appears, from his manner of singing, to be a musician of sensibility. His control, his *mezza voce,* and his beautifully round tone make his operatic recordings a most enviable possession. It is to be hoped that Parlophone will find means to issue these here, and generally to renew their connection with Cetra for our benefit.

GRIEG: *I love Thee,* and RACHMANINOFF: *Floods of Spring* (Marjorie Lawrence, acc. Ivor Newton. Decca M602). I can see no excuse whatever for the shapeless way in which Miss Lawrence chooses to sing the opening phrase of *I love Thee.* There is every reason for not sentimentalising this song. *Floods of Spring* comes off rather better—chiefly, I think, because the elaborate accompaniment is most beautifully played.

TRADITIONAL SONGS: *The Oyster Girl, The One-Eyed Riley, The Wild Rover, Pleasant and Delightful* (Robert Irwin, with chorus and Wynford Reynold's Sextet. H.M.V. B9523-4). These songs, which are indeed "pleasant and delightful," as well as funny, were edited by Francis Collinson and Francis Dillon for the well-known B.B.C. feature, *Country Magazine.* Mr. Irwin sings them with taste and gusto, but I do not personally much care for the synthetic accompaniments. A piano is almost always preferable in cases like this.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Bevin Boy. By DEREK AGNEW. *Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.*

A haphazard slice out of the serving generation was diverted through a lack of foretaste and reconsiderateness, and left to find its feet in the most segregate section of the community. The first Bevin Boy to tell the tale here gives us a good sample of the elements that got to grips in this sociological turnround. He recalls the closing of French and Italian markets, the fall in output and man-power, the Government's neglect of the situation. The Bevin scheme started three years later, and raised two issues: were the Boys on a par with the Services; how would they react? An official shyness to meet the first issue

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Tickets now available. All information from Cook's, Dean & Dawson, American Express Company, or Festival Office, Music Hall, George Street, Edinburgh, 2

A MONTHLY *FILM* BULLETIN

is published by the British Film Institute and reviews every fictional, educational, documentary and commercial film released in the previous month. It is independent, impartial, and the only publication of this comprehensively detailed and authentic character. Subscribing to the BFI Bulletin is the best and simplest way of keeping informed about films. For full particulars, please write to the

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explicitly, served well to aggravate the second one, and I think few Bevin Boys would agree with Mr. Agnew that the scheme was not a complete failure.

The author then skips through his own story with a bombardment of crisp flashes of hostel, lectures, P.T., V.J.-Day, work at Chislet, Kent. In this vein he is at his most readable.

These, however, against a setting of "common man" versus miner. The other fellow, having put the kettle on to boil, cold-shoulders and squints down his nose at the miner who, by contrast, is generous, thoughtful, polite and helpful. It was a curiosity to meet the miner that led Mr. Agnew to opt from the pits, and there is observation behind what he says; but, though I agree with him in his optimism about the industry and in other things, he seems to have swallowed the miner—pick, lamp and shovel.

But he tells us something worth while: the miner's strong feeling for sun and space sprung on him by the experience of riding up in the cage on a fine day; the fear of insecurity in times of plenty; the faith in nationalisation, and the first thought of the man badly injured in an accident: ". . . what'll the bosses say now. I couldn't help it, you know. I'll be in right bad with em."

Kent is an interesting coalfield, for it is new and many miners came there from other parts: thus we are told that the expression, "aye, marra" (Durham twang) is typical Kentish.

This author's strength, however, lies not in depth of focus, or shades of difference, but in the oblique glimpse and the choice sample:

"Imagine a greying-haired, strongly built, old Welshman wearing a red and blue soccer shirt, sitting at the coal face discussing his pet frog."

Week-end Competitions

No. 898

Set by W. R.

King Charles has just been restored to Whitehall and Queen Anne to Queen Anne's Gate. Competitors are invited to write twelve lines of verse celebrating either one of these events in the style respectively of Marvell or Pope; or both together in the style of Macaulay. Entries by May 20th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 895

Set by Saint-Loup

Six guineas are offered for twelve lines of Chestertonian verse expressing the Pharisaical self-congratulations of a football-pool addict who neither smokes nor drinks.

Report by Saint-Loup

Most of the entries were spoiled by a failure to keep the tone consistent. Famous lines were skilfully adapted: "But I don't care where the whisky goes if it doesn't get into the water" (Guy Innes), "But I am bound for Paradise by way of Liverpool" (Stanley J. Sharpless). I have found it difficult to pick the winners, and eliminate with special regret David Freeman, W. F. Owtram and J. L. C. A first prize of two guineas goes to L. E. J., a guinea each to R. J. P. Hewison, E. W. Fordham, Joyce Johnson and Agrippus.

The sin of Noah was drunkenness (his children saw his shame),
And Raleigh with his Devil's weed went all but up in flame,
Coronas are for criminals, and Fourpenny for fools,
But I am not as sinful men: I love to play the pools;
    And Lord, but am I hot on 'em! on Arsenal and Tottenham,
    On Wanderers and Rovers and all players of the Game.

The Publican he beats his breast, the Smoker hangs his head,
For Satan takes their souls away and Dalton takes their bread,
Their private lust they do mistrust, but I, who seek the Good,
Unlike those men of little faith, have faith in Littlewood,
    And Lord, do I love spotting 'em! the Villa, Newport, Nottingham,
    Stoke City, West Brom. Albion, the Wolves, and Sheffield Wed.

L. E. J.

I am not such as are drinking men
    On wine that waste their health:
Ink is my liquor—charge the pen,
    And make a cross for wealth.

I am not of the fuming folk
    Whose pipe or cigarette
Sends fortunes flying up in smoke:
    My fortune abideth yet,

Abideth, and shall have increment
    For a sign to scourge their sins
Whom air and water miscontent,
    The outsiders of the inns.

R. J. P. Hewison

If I should win a Littlewood how little would I spare
For drink to make me dizzy, or for smoke to foul the air.
If I should win a Littlewood a little would I spend
On ginger-beer, the sober man's undeviating friend.
The Strand is strewn with beastly bars, anathema to me;
The only bar I wouldn't bar is Temple Bar, E.C.
Let Dalton damn the drinker's dram, and let him squeeze and soak
The feckless feeble-minded fools whose cash goes up in smoke.
My brain I keep unclouded like the starry sky at night,
And one day, I'm persuaded, I shall prophesy aright,
"Away," "at home," and wins and draws, precisely as I should—
How little would I wonder if I won a Littlewood!

E. W. Fordham

It takes a bit of knowing how to enter football pools,
It isn't, like pub-crawling is, a pastime fit for fools.
The filling in may tax your brains, but doesn't tax your purse,
For Dalton's kind to wiser men, while punishing the worse.

Better the man who takes a chance on Brentford versus Stoke
Than he whose weekly salary goes daily up in smoke;
Better to guess if Liverpool or Leeds will lick the lot
Than spend your money drinking, all your savings gone to pot.

The sinner pays in both worlds now, and pays like anything,
But in the Bible there's a bit to which I fondly cling;
Reward, it says, will come to those who ceaselessly importune,
What others lose, in duty bound, I stand to win—a fortune.

Joyce Johnson

I never touched a drop of rye, my nose has never glowed;
I've never played the drunkard, or had "one for the road":
No cigarettes accumulate in ashtrays by my side,
As I stay at home each evening, industriously applied.
My quiet parlour atmosphere is free from noxious fumes:
No alcohol-stained glasses clutter either of my rooms.
I'm innocent of vices such as smoking, drink and sex
And chastely sit considering my "one" and "two" and "X."
Whiskey, I consider, is a wicked, costly bore;
I never would buy cigarettes at three-and-four a score.
But on Unity or Littlewoods, such outlay makes some sense:
I might win fame and fortune at another man's expense!

Agrippus

this is TI *to-day*

TI have grown to mean much more than the name Tube Investments can convey. The group began as a free association of interdependent engineering companies, who united their resources while maintaining their individual characters. TI still hold to this principle, but they now concentrate knowledge and skill in many fields.

Precision tubes in steel and light alloys are an important part of TI enterprise. So are bicycles and cycle components, electrical appliances for the home and industry, light alloy sheet, strip and extruded sections. So also are such varied products as pressure vessels for ships, metal furniture, gas cylinders, traffic signs, golf shafts, fabricated light alloy goods, fishing rods, paints, cables, and essential components of locomotives, aeroplanes, cars—to mention only a few.

Tube Investments Ltd., 3 Grosvenor Sq., London, W.1

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES.

Progress Despite Difficulties

The twentieth ordinary general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, was held in London, on May 8, the Rt. Hon. Lord McGowan, K.B.E., D.C.L., Ll.D., the chairman, presiding.

The following is an extract from his statement circulated with the report for the year 1946:—

Within the year reconversion to the manufacture of materials for peace-time needs was completed. Increasing time and energy were devoted to the service of our customers and to the adaptation of products and processes developed in war-time to the changed requirements of industry and the community.

The company is continuing to play its part in the drive for higher production. The demand for chemicals has been pressing. Important contributions have been made to the housing programme. The need for an increased output of food has called for greater supplies of fertilisers and pesticides. More explosives and explosives accessories for industrial use were produced in 1946 than in any previous year.

In many cases, unfortunately, our ability to supply fell short of demand owing to shortages of materials and man-power. The transport situation is also a source of anxiety to the company. The greatest impediment, however, to bringing output to its maximum is the grave shortage of coal. We have decided to carry out a major programme of conversion to oil-burning.

Shortage of materials is a major limiting factor on the rate of progress of the company's new construction programme, but there has also been difficulty in recruiting the number of engineers and draughtsmen required. The task of overtaking arrears of work has continued. Demands for existing products were heavy; indeed, in the case of many products, the very substantial capacities provided during the war proved insufficient to meet peace-time requirements. As a result, the development of new uses for existing products was hampered.

The overseas demand for the company's products remained high throughout the year, but full advantage of this situation could not be taken owing to shortage of supplies and the heavy home demands, especially those of other exporting industries, for the products of the company. Nevertheless, the total sales value of exports in 1946 was £32,300,000, which compares with £11,800,000 in 1938. The difficult coal situation has cast a shadow over export prospects, and it became clear that it would be necessary to ration some exports.

The accounts mark the completion of the first 20 years of the company's existence. The company's present reserve and liquid position and general financial strength testify to the striking progress that has been made. The net income brought to credit in the company profit and loss account is £7,171,100, compared with £4,770,062 for 1945. In deciding to recommend a bonus of 2 per cent in addition to a total ordinary dividend of 8 per cent, the directors have been influenced by several factors.

Your company is ready to face the competitive conditions, which will prevail as soon as the present sellers' market gives place to more normal conditions. Your company's position is such that, so long as the means of production are available, we need not fear the future. The report was adopted.

Your

peace of mind

Few friends would refuse to act as your Executor, but in spite of their best intentions they may not be able to do so when the time comes. Hence the advantage of appointing the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company, whose officials have devoted their life's work to this service. In dealing with the many problems relating to wills and trusts they have a wealth of experience at their disposal, and they pride themselves upon the human and personal relationships which are always preserved with those whose affairs are entrusted to the Company.

Midland Bank

EXECUTOR AND

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Appointments Vacant

MINISTRY of Supply. Applications invited from men under 55 years of age on June 1, 1947, for appointment as Director of Ordnance Factories (Accounts). Main duties to control accounting and costing organisation of the Royal Ordnance Factories. Director of Ordnance Factories (Accounts) is a Headquarters' officer, located in London, but certain amount of travelling involved. Applicants must be in membership of one or more of foll. bodies: Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales; Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors; Society of Accountants in Edinburgh; Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow; Society of Accountants in Aberdeen; Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants; Institution of Chartered Accountants in Ireland. They must also have had: (a) Professional exp. (b) Wide commercial and industrial exp. in the preparation and presentation of financial and cost accounts and budgetary control. (c) Exp. in control of staff. Inclusive sal. £1,600 p.a. Travelling and subsistence allowances, in accordance with the Ministry's scale, will be payable. Candidates with the best qualifics. will be summoned to appear before a Selection Board in London. Applications, stating age and giving full details of qualifics. and exp., should be submitted to Secretary, Ministry of Supply (EST. 8A), Room 151, Shell Mex House, Strand, W.C.2, not later than May 31. Envelope to be marked D.P. (A) in top left hand corner.

CRAWLEY Development Corporation. The Development Corporation recently appointed for establishment of a new town at Crawley invite applics. for foll. posts. The officers will be responsible heads of departments, and will be expected to work as a team under direction of Chief Executive Officer. The task is of a pioneering kind and calls for imagination, initiative, resource and proved organising ability of a high order. Applicants should show themselves possessed of this combination of qualities as well as of a recognised professional status. Chief Engineer: (Ref. H.D. 100). Applicants should be corporate members of Institution of Civil Engineers and/or the Institute of Municipal and County Engineers, and should have had exec. exp. of large-scale civil engineering works. Successful applicant will be reqd. to take charge of civil engineering projects to be carried out on behalf of the Development Corporation. Chief Architect: (Ref. H.D. 101). Applicants should be Fellows or Associates of Royal Institute of British Architects and should, in addition, have had exp. of town planning work. Successful applicant will be reqd. to co-ordinate design and planning work in connection with development of the town. Estate Officer: (Ref. H.D. 102). Applicants should be Fellows or Associates of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors or of the Auctioneers and Estate Agents Institute, and should have had exp. of the management of large urban estates. Successful applicant will be reqd. to supervise leasing of land, to manage the Corporation's own property, and to advise on all matters of estate development and on the promotion of industry and commerce. Legal and Administrative Officer: (Ref. H.D. 103). Applicants should be Barristers or admitted Solicitors and should prefy. have had exp. in a Local Authority or Public Utility Undertaking. Successful applicant will be reqd. to act as Secretary of Corporation and to take charge of administration and personnel services as well as of all legal questions. Chief Finance Officer: (Ref. H.D. 104). Applicants should be chartered or Incorporated accountants or certified Corporate Accountants and/or hold high municipal or other accounting qualifics., with a wide and varied exp. in important financial and commercial affairs. It will be of advantage to have been in some branch of public service. Successful applicant will be reqd. to take charge of all aspects of the Corporation's finances. Applics., in writing, must quote the appropriate ref. given above and should be submitted to Crawley Development Corporation, 11 Grosvenor Square, W.1, by May 24, 1947, together with copies of three testimonials. Date of birth should be given as well as partics. of education, qualifics., appointments in chronological order, present salary and salary now required.

ACHIMOTA College, Gold Coast. Applics. invited for post of Rector of Teacher Training College at Achimota. The Rector will be responsible to the Achimota Council for management of the Training College of over 100 Students following a 2-year post-secondary Course and specialist courses in Arts and Crafts and Housecraft. Courses for training lecturers for training Colleges may be started in near future. Should have good academic qualification, have had exp. in a British Training College or Univ. Dept. of Education, and should be convinced and active Christians. Desirably between ages 35/45. Salary £1,450 p.a. with house—annual leave to U.K. Further details and applic. forms from: Secretary to the Achimota Committee, Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY College Leicester. Applics. invited for Lectureships in French, in Public Administration, and in Education (Arts subjects), and for an Assistant Lectureship in History. Participation in F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Further partics. from the Registrar, to whom applics. should be forwarded by May 17.

UNIV. of Birmingham. Extra-Mural Dept. Applics. invited for two organising tutors in Worcestershire. Sal. £550-£650 p.a. Further partics. from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

SHORTHAND-Typist, efficient, good speeds, for Colonial Bureau. Approx. £4, 4 wks. holiday; 1 Sat. in 4. General Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St. S.W.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIV. of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Applics. invited for foll. appointment: Assistant Lecturer or Grade IIb or IIc Lecturer in Public Administration. Salary and grade according to qualifics. and exp. Salary Scale: Assistant Lecturer, £400-£500 p.a.; Lecturer, Grade IIc, £550-£600 p.a.; Lecturer, Grade IIb, £600-£750 p.a. Post is open equally to men and women applicants. Further partics from C. G. Burton, Secy., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3, to whom three copies of applics., together with copies of not more than three testimonials, and names of two refs., should be sent by May 24. No special applic. form.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Dept. of Extra-Mural Studies. Applics. invited for 2 Organising Tutors in Worcestershire. Sal. £550-£650 p.a. Further partics. from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3.

ACHIMOTA College, Gold Coast. Applics. invited for five Lectureships in the Teacher Training College now vacant as a result of reorganisation. Candidates, who may be men or women, should possess degrees and Univ. Diplomas in teaching or education, and should have had exp. of teacher-training work. Should be able to lecture in one or more of following: Education, English, Geography, Mathematics, Science, History and Social Studies, Physical Training and Hygiene (Women reqd.). The Teacher Training College at Achimota has over 100 Students following a post-secondary course, and there are specialist courses in Arts and Crafts and Housecraft. Sal. scale £600 to £1,300, with credit for previous exp. Annual leave to U.K. Further details and applic. forms from: Secretary to the Achimota Committee, Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, S.W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST (non-medical) reqd. by Prison Commission either at H.M. Prison, Wakefield, Yorks, or one of London Prisons. Duties, under direction of Senior Medical Officer, would involve application of individual tests to male prisoners, preparation of descriptive reports in special cases, and some research and development work. Sal. £650-£750 p.a. incl. of consolidation allowance, according to qualifics., which should include Associateship of the British Psychological Society and exp. of vocational guidance or personnel selection. Appointment would be unestablished. Applic. forms from Establishment Officer (P.N.M.), Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Thorney St. S.W.1, to be returned by May 31.

COUNTY Borough of Rotherham. Education Committee. Child Guidance Clinic. Applics. invited for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work under direction of Educational Psychologist and Psychiatrist. Applicants should hold Mental Health Cert. or approved equiv. qualification and prefy. should have had exp. of work of Child Guidance Clinic. Sal. £320 p.a. by annual increments of £20 to a max. of £480. Previous exp. in similar post will be taken into account in determining the commencing sal. Further partics. may be obtained from J. A. Mair, Director of Education, Education Offices, Rotherham, to whom applics. in form of letter should be forwarded within ten days.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Ongar Residential School (for elder educationally sub-normal boys), qualified res. assistant teachers (men/women). Additional qualifics. in music or handwork desirable. Married couples can only be accommodated if both husband and wife are qualified teachers. Burnham Scale salary plus two increments carried beyond maximum. Emoluments of board, lodging, laundry, and medical attendance in consideration of supervisory duties outside school hours. Applic. forms from Education Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped add. env. nec.), returnable within next two weeks. (1096.)

L.C.C. Reqd. in day schools for (1) Physically Handicapped and (2) Educationally sub-normal children in the London area, qualified assistant teachers (men and women). Burnham Scale salary (London area) plus two increments carried beyond maximum. Applic. forms from Education Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped add. env. nec.), returnable within next two weeks. (1097.)

BUCKS County Education Committee. Reqd. immediately Man Teacher of Commercial Subjects. Applics., who should possess Degree in Commerce/equivalent qualifics., will be reqd. primarily to undertake duties in connection with General Business Courses (Ministry of Labour and Ministry of Education) for selected Ex-Servicemen, with in addition some teaching in the Slough Evening Institute and/or Day Continuation School. Exp. in Industry and qualifics. in Law and Accountancy will be additional recommendations. Sal.: Burnham Scale for Teachers in Technical Colleges. Applics. (no forms issued) with copies of testimonials, to D. R. Barraclough, M.A., Technical School, William St., Slough, Bucks.

COUNTY Borough of Wallasey. Applics. invited by May 17 for post of Youth Officer (Male) in Education Department, at salary of £450 p.a., rising by annual increments of £20, subject to satisfactory service, to £550 p.a., plus bonus. Forms of applic. and schedule of duties and conditions from Director of Education on receipt of a stamped add. foolscap env. Canvassing in any form will disqualify. Applics. need not be re-submitted by candidates who applied in response to the previous advertisement. Emrys Evans, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Wallasey.

ORGANISER reqd. to foster the formation of discussion groups among young people 18-30 yrs. in S. Lancs. area. Sal. £250-£300. Applicants should be under 30. Apply within 14 days, in writing, to Hon. Secy., Federation of Eighteen Plus Groups, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

APPLICS. invited from Members of the Labour Party for the appointment of a Committee Clerk on the staff of the Parliamentary Labour Party at the House of Commons. Applicants should be good shorthand writers; have had either sec. or admin. experience and be interested in political affairs. Salary £400 p.a. Applics., giving age, qualifics. and exp., to Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq. S.W.1.

CITY of Oxford. Public Libraries. Applics. invited for post as Secretary to the City Librarian. Sal. according to Higher Clerical Grade of the National Scales (£304-£340 p.a.), plus cost of living bonus. 38-hour week. Candidates must be expd. shorthand-typists, possess good qualifics., and be interested in books and education. Applics., stating age, qualifics., and exp., and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must reach the City Librarian, St. Aldates, Oxford, by May 22. Appointment is subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, and to Natl. Conditions of Service, and successful candidate will be reqd. to pass med. exam.

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